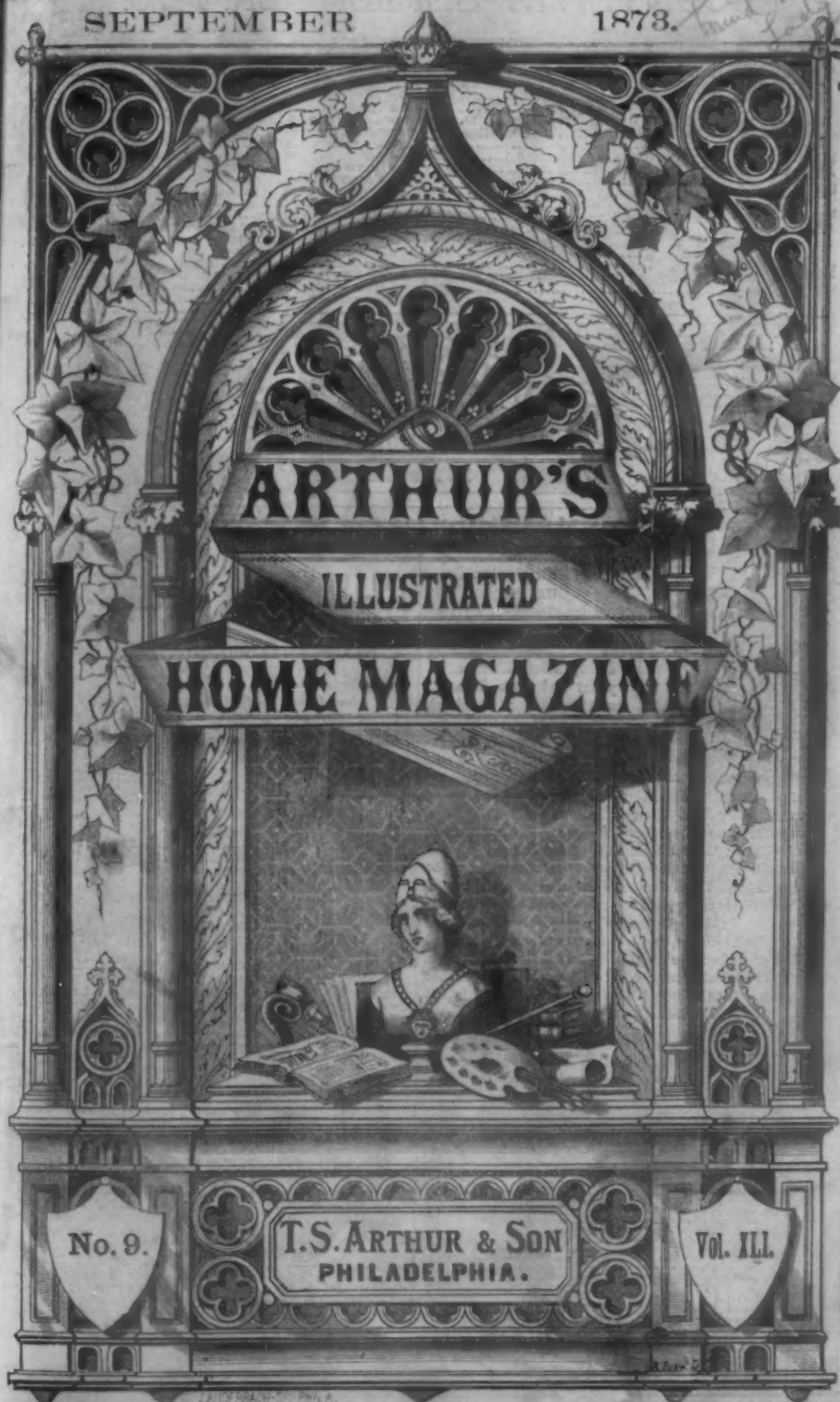


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SEPTEMBER

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The Master of Greylands, by Mrs. Henry Wood, And Dorothea, by Fannie Hodgson. Are continued in this number.

1873.



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1873. VOLS. XIII. and XIV. 1873

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IDEAL VIEW OF A MATURE FOREST-CARBONIFEROUS PERIOD.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLl.

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

No. 9.



PHANTOMS.

BACK, ye Phantoms of the Past,
In your dreary caves remain;
What have I to do with memories
Of a long-forgotten pain?

For my Present is all peaceful,
And my Future nobly planned—
Long ago Time's mighty billows
Swept your footsteps from the sand.

Back into your caves, nor haunt me
With your voices, full of woe;
I have buried grief and sorrow
In the depths of Long-ago.

See the glorious clouds of morning
Roll away, and clear and bright
Shine the rays of cloudless daylight—
Wherefore will ye moan of night?

Never shall my heart be burdened
With its ancient woe and fears;
I can drive them from my presence,
I can check these foolish tears.

Back, ye Phantoms! leave, oh, leave me
To a new and happy lot!
Speak no more of things departed;
Leave me, for I know you not.

Can it be that 'mid my gladness
I must ever hear you wail,
Of the grief that wrung my spirit,
And that made my cheek so pale.

Joy is mine—but your sad voices
Murmur ever in my ear;
Vain is all the Future's promise,
While the dreary Past is here.

Vain, oh, worse than vain! the Visions
That my heart, my life would fill!
If the Past's relentless phantoms
Call upon me still!

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

THE COCHINEAL INSECT.

IN 1518, twenty-six years after the discovery of America, the Spanish settlers in Mexico began the exportation to Europe of a new dye of a brilliant scarlet, which proved a great acquisition in the manufacturing and artistic world, and eventually brought its exporters immense revenues. This dye was used in the coloring of fabrics, and from it was made carmine, a brilliant red, invaluable to painters. It presented the appearance of a shrivelled grain, or seed of some sort, of a dark, purplish hue, covered with a white bloom. What it actually was its exporters refused to tell, and those whose curiosity was excited about it, were fain to satisfy it by guess-work alone. However, after two centuries had passed, and the Spanish-Mexicans had during all this time preserved their secret, some one had the wit to subject these curious-looking seeds to the test of the microscope, when, behold, they were found to be no vegetable production at all, but a species of insect, killed and dried. The observation of travellers soon added further information, and cochineal was no longer a mystery.

The secret once discovered, efforts were made to introduce the industry into other countries. In 1700 a Frenchman carried several cases of living insects to St. Domingo. But a revolution having broken out in that island, the cochineals were neglected, and died. A century later a Frenchman succeeded in bringing some live specimens of the insect to France, and gave them to the Professor of Botany at Toulon. But the efforts at naturalization were unsuccessful. The attempt also failed in Corsica. In 1827 they were carried to the Canary Islands, and after the inhabitants had been taught to recognize their value—they first having regarded them as noxious insects, and destroyed them accordingly—their propagation became an important branch of industry. In Algiers, also, the experiment of cultivating them has proved successful, and promises to become profitable. Still, the principal supply of cochineal yet comes from Mexico.

In that country they have regular cochineal plantations. A piece of land is chosen, an acre or two in extent, and protected from the west winds. Around this is planted a hedge of reeds, and within the inclosure, at distances of about two feet each way are set out the common cactus, or prickly-pear, as it is

upon this plant that the cochineal insects prefer to feed. When the cactus-gardens, or *nopaleries*, as they are called, are ready, then nests made of cocoa-nut fibres, or little baskets of the braided leaves of the dwarf palm, are hung upon the prickles of the cactus. Female cochineals, of the *Coccus cacti* species, gathered from the woods or from plants specially preserved for their use, are placed in large numbers in these baskets. These female cochineals make their way out of the baskets, and fasten themselves upon the plants. Here they remain motionless, living upon the juices of the plants, and finally die. After death the body of the insect dries, the skin becomes horny, the sides curve upward, making a sort of cavity within. In this cavity, or cradle, the eggs, which have remained attached to the under part of the body of the mother, are hatched, and sheltered. The plants, with their valuable inhabitants, must now be protected from wind and rain until the insects reach their perfect state. The larvae soon change to perfect insects, which attach themselves permanently to the branches of the cacti, and are thus easily gathered.

When the time for the cochineal harvest comes, the insects are carefully brushed off the cacti by the means of squirrels' or stags' tails, or scraped off with a blunt-bladed knife. Indian women are usually employed in this harvesting. The time the insects are gathered is when the females are about to lay, as that is the time their bodies contain the greatest amount of coloring matter. If the season is favorable, three harvests may be had from the same plantation in the course of a year. The insects are killed by dipping them in boiling water, or by being put into an oven, or upon a plate of hot iron. They are then dried in the sun, afterward in the shade, and finally exposed to the air. When they are scalded they lose the white powder which covers them, and are, in that condition, called *ronagridas*. When they have been subjected to the heat of an oven, they are ashy-gray in color, and are then called *jaspadas*. Those torrefied upon hot iron are black, and are known as *negras*. The cochineal produced in these cactus-gardens are more valuable than those gathered from wild cacti.

There is a remarkable difference in the appearance of the male and female cochineal. So great is this difference that one might easily mistake them as belonging to totally different families. The male is dark-red in color, with a long body, and with transparent wings, which cross each other on the back. The abdomen is terminated by two fine hairs nearly twice the length of the body. On its head are two long feathery antennæ, and it has only a rudimentary beak. Its legs are short, but owing to its wings, it is tolerably lively and active.

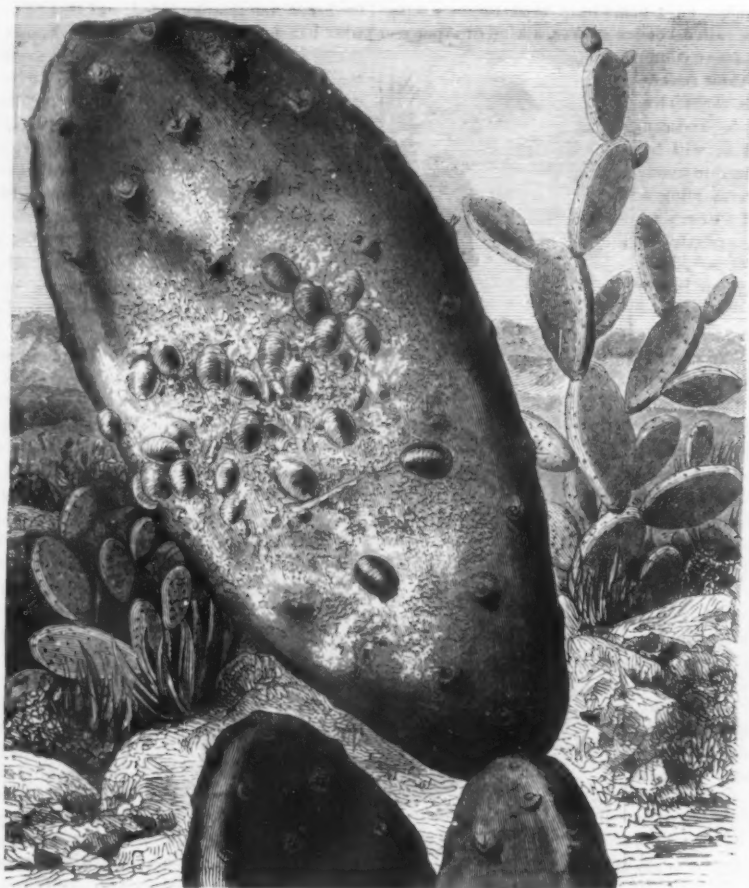
The female is larger than the male, oval in form, convex above and flat below. Its body is formed of twelve segments, and is covered with a glaucous dust. Its beak is more fully developed than that of the male; but its antennæ is shorter, and with fewer joints, and the two anal hairs are much shorter. It is very inactive. Its legs are very short, and are

apparently made only to serve the purpose of clinging to the plant from which it derives its food.

Before the Mexican cochineal, or *Coccus cacti*, was discovered, inferior species were known in other parts of the world. One species is found in Poland and Russia—*Coccus polonicus*—and another in India, *Coccus lacca*. From the latter is obtained a coloring matter known as the lac dye. Resinous lac is found in commerce under four forms—the stick-lac, which

bark; or, as some naturalists declare, it is a secretion of the insect itself, though this is probably a mistake, its red tint being probably acquired by the dead bodies which become imbedded in it.

Besides the species already mentioned, there is the *Coccus ilicis*, which lives by preference upon the evergreen oak; and the *Coccus manniparus*, which lives on the shrubs of Mount Sinai, and which causes a sort of manna to exude from the branches it has



THE COCHINEAL INSECT (*Coccus cacti*).

is still unseparated from the twigs upon which it is found; the seed-lac, picked off the branches and pounded; the shell-lac, which is the same melted and run in scales; and the thread lac, resembling reddish threads, prepared thus in India. This lac is originally found upon the trees and plants which have been the homes of the cochineal (*Coccus lacca*). These insects gather together in great numbers, and the bodies of the females are often united together by the gum which exudes where they have pierced the

pierced. The *Coccus sinensis* is found in China, and produces a sort of wax, which is used in the manufacture of candles.

The foundation of content must spring up in a man's own mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

SNAKE-CHARMERS.

OUR readers have all heard of the snake-charmers of India. Scarcely a traveller in that country who has not met with them, and told us some thing about them. They seem to form a class of people by themselves, and to have made the charming of snakes a profession or trade. They are often hired by the people of India to rid their houses of snakes. This they do by playing on a kind of pipe or flageolet, the music of which charms the reptiles from their holes, when they are at once killed.

The snakes most commonly used by these "jugglers" are called hooded snakes, a kind of viper met with in Eastern countries. In these snakes the skin about the neck is loose, and can be raised at will by the serpent into something resembling a hood. There are several varieties of these snakes. That most common is the Cobra di Capello—that is, Adder of the Hood, a name given to it by the Portuguese. The French call it *Serpent à lunettes*, or Spectacle-snake, from its being marked on the back of the neck with a figure resembling a pair of spectacles. It is a lively, active snake, and its bite is very poisonous. The Hindoos have many superstitious notions about this serpent, and even believe that God sometimes takes on its form. In some of the temples they worship it, the priests feeding it carefully with milk and sugar.

A French traveller says: "Madras is famous throughout all India for its jugglers and serpent-charmers. I had been there but a few hours when several troops came to me to show off their skill. Those who did nothing but feats of strength I took no interest in. The sleight-of-hand performers were a little more attractive. These men, almost naked, with a plain strip of linen cloth about their bodies were really very adroit. Some of their tricks were wonderful. In one of the most curious they took the seed of a plant and put it in a little pot of earth, right in plain view of the spectators. After a few moments the seed seemed to take life, shooting up

stalks and putting on leaves in proper order. A few minutes later we had under our eyes a perfect plant more than a foot high.

"These people always have with them a few cobras, with which they amuse the curious. The bite of these serpents is fatal in nearly every instance. It has been said that the jugglers take out their poison-fangs, but this is not so. When well fed these reptiles are timid and sluggish, and rarely make use of their murderous weapons. The boldness with which the jugglers handle them I think to be based upon a knowledge of this fact. Any one who has handled living serpents knows that light

passes made along the body easily subdue them. They seem as if magnetized, and no longer try to bite or to escape. The first passes only are dangerous.

"I have frequently played with cobras, and no accident has ever happened to me.

"There are some Hindoos who amuse themselves by domesticating these serpents, suffering them to range at will in their gardens, where they serve as scare-crows in keeping away the birds. I have never heard of their doing any harm to their owners.

"The serpent-charmers, to render themselves proof against the fangs of the cobras, make use of the roots of a species of plant, the common birthwort, with which they describe circles around the head of the reptile, in

the belief that they thus take away from it the power of hurting. Of course, this is a mere superstitious notion. There are some who, to cure the bite itself, use a blackish stone of a very porous texture, which, on being laid upon the wound, adheres there strongly and absorbs the poisonous fluid."

If you would not be thought a fool in others' conceit, be not wise in your own; he that trusts to his own wisdom, proclaims his own folly; he is truly wise that shall appear so, that hath folly enough to be thought not worldly wise, or wisdom enough to see his own folly.



THE ASWAIL, OR SLOTH BEAR.

FROM REV. J. G. WOOD'S "ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY."

UNWIELDY in its movements, and grotesque in its form, the Aswail, or Sloth Bear is one of the most curious members of this group of animals. It is found in the mountainous parts of India, and is equally dreaded and admired by the natives of the same country.

Although a sufficiently harmless creature, if permitted to roam unmolested among the congenial scenery of mountain and precipice, it is at the same time an extremely dangerous foe if its slumbering passions are aroused by wounds or bodily pain of any kind. It needs, however, that the wound be tolerably severe to induce the animal to turn upon the person that inflicted the injury; for should it be only slightly wounded it runs forward in a straight line, as if it were actuated by the one idea of getting as far as possible away from the object which had caused it so much bodily suffering, and can seldom be finally captured.

As a general rule, the Aswail remains within its sheltered den during the hot hours of the day, as its feet seem to be extremely sensitive to heat and suffer greatly from the bare rocks and stones which have been subjected to the burning rays of that glowing India sun.

On one or two occasions, however, where the wounded bear had been successfully tracked and killed, the soles of the poor animal's feet were found to be horribly scorched and blistered, by the effects of the heated rocks, over which the creature had recklessly passed in its haste to escape from its enemies. On account of this extreme sensitiveness of the Aswail's foot it is very seldom seen by daylight, and is generally captured or killed by hunters who track it to its sleeping place, and then attack their drowsy prey.

The Aswail is said never to eat vertebrate animals except on very rare occasions when it is severely pressed by hunger. Its usual diet consists of various roots, bees' nests, together with their honey, and young bees, grubs, snails, slugs and ants, of which insects it is extremely fond and which it eats in very great numbers. Probably on account of its mode of feeding, its flesh is in much favor as an article of diet, and though rather coarse in texture, it is said by those who have practical experience of its qualities to be extremely good.

The fat of this bear is very highly valued among the natives and the European residents, being used chiefly for the lubrication of the delicate steelwork, that is employed in the interior of gunlocks. For this purpose the fat is prepared in a similar manner to that of the tiger, being cut into long strips, forced into closely-stoppered bottles, and placed during the entire day in the blazing rays of the sun. The powerful sunbeams soon melt the fat into a homogeneous mass, and when the evening begins to draw on, the contents of the bottle are found to settle into a firm and white substance, which has the property

of remaining untainted even in that heated climate, where, if no such precaution were taken, it would become a mass of putrescent abomination.

The prepared fat is especially valuable for gunlocks, as it preserves the bright steel from rust, and does not clog by constant service, as is the case with most other animal oil.

Very little is known of the habits of this bear, while in its wild state, but it would appear from the conduct of two young animals that inhabited the same cage in the Zoological Garden, that it must be a gentle and affectionate creature. It is, at all events, known that the maternal Aswail is in the habit of carrying on her back those of her off-spring that are not able to make use of their own means of progression. The two animals that were kept in the Zoological Gardens were accustomed to lie close to each other, and while in that position used to suck their paws after the usual ursine fashion, uttering at the same time a kind of bearish purr, as an expression of contentment. This sound, although it partakes of the nature of a whine mixed with a purr, is not without a musical intonation, and may be heard at some little distance. Indeed, it has not unfrequently happened that the bear has been betrayed to its pursuers by the continuous sound it utters while lying half asleep within its den.

The hair which covers the body and limbs is of singular length, especially upon the back of the neck and the head, imparting a strange and grotesque appearance to the animal. The color of the fur is a deep black, interspersed here and there with hair of a brownish hue. Upon the breast a torked patch of whitish hairs is distinctly visible. When it walks, its fore feet cross over each other like those of an accomplished skater when accomplishing the cross-roll, but when it remains in a standing attitude its feet are planted at some distance from each other.

These bears seem to be very liable to the loss of their incisor teeth, and even in the skulls of very young animals the teeth have been so long missing that their sockets have been filled up by nature as if no teeth had ever grown there. On account of this curious deficiency, the first specimen which was brought to England was thought to be a gigantic sloth, and was classed among those animals under the name of *Bradypus Ursinus*, or Ursine Sloth. In one work it was caudally described as the Anonymous Animal. Other names by which it is known are the Jungle Bear and the Labiated or Lipped Bear.

This last-mentioned title has been given to the animal in consequence of the extreme mobility of its long and flexible lips, which it can protrude or retract in a very singular manner, and with which it contorts its countenance into the strangest imaginable grimaces, especially when excited by the exhibition of a piece of bun, an apple or other similar dainty. It is fond of sitting in a semi-erect position and twisting its nose and lips about in a peculiarly rapid manner, in order to attract the attention of the bystanders, and ever and anon, when it fails to attract

the eyes of its visitors, it slaps the lips smartly together, in hope to strike their sense of hearing. When captured young, it is easily tamed, and can be taught to perform many curious antics at the bid of

ciations with these wandering exhibitors, it has been called by the French naturalist "*Ours Jongleur*." Whether owing to the natural docility of the animal, or to the superior powers of its instructor, it per-



SLOTH, OR LABIATED BEAR.

its master. For this purpose it is often caught by the native mountebanks, who earn an easy subsistence by leading their shaggy pupil through the country, and demanding small sums of money for the exhibition of its qualities. On account of its asso-

forms feats which are more curious and remarkable than the ordinary run of performance that are achieved by the learned bear of our streets.

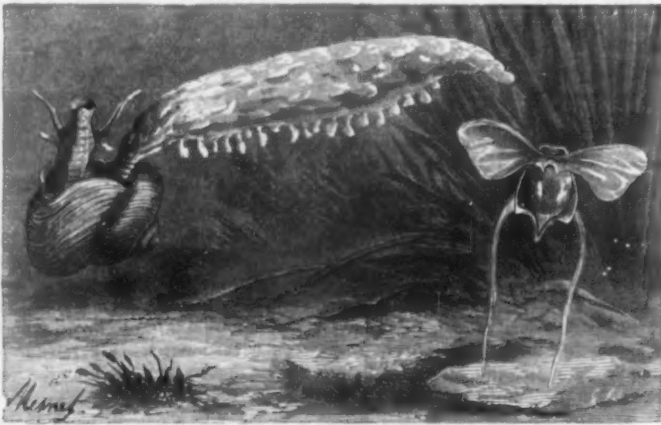
In either case it is always a saddening sight, for however ingenious may be the instructor or however

docile the pupil, the unnatural performances of the poor animal always seem to be out of place. We have no right to attempt to humanize a bear, or any other animal; for in so doing we are preventing it from working the task which it was placed in the world to fulfil. The bear—as may be said of every animal—is the result of a divine idea in the mind of the Creator, and it ought to be our business to aid the creature in developing that idea as far as possible, and not to check its development by substituting some other idea of our own, which, with all we can do, must necessarily be a false one. Even the imprisoned bears which mount a tall pole for the purpose of obtaining cakes and fruit from their visitors, are performing their mission much more truly than the most accomplished bear that ever traversed the country, and are in consequence much more agreeable to the eye of any one who values the animal creation on account of the moral qualities

CURIOUS THINGS IN THE SEA.

AMONG the innumerable forms of animal life encountered in the waters of the sea, there are few more curious than those presented by the sea-snail and the sea butterfly, a very correct idea of which is given in our engraving. There are several species of ocean shell-fish bearing the name of sea-snail—the one here represented belonging to the family of the *Ianthinidae*. It is a carnivorous animal, and lives only in the ocean. Its shell is almost exactly like those of the land-snail. It is met with in vast numbers in the Atlantic Ocean, and myriads of this species are sometimes driven by storms upon the British coasts. The same happens also on our own shores, vast numbers of them having been washed upon the beach of Nantucket during a severe tempest in 1839. A French traveller says of the sea-snail:

"The mollusk resembles, as its common name indicates, a floating snail. Two long tentacles, per-



SEA-SNAIL AND SEA-BUTTERFLY.

which are implanted in them from their birth, for us to develop to their highest extent, and in which we may read an ever-living word proceeding from the ever-creating hand of God.

Moreover, all those who in studying natural history, desire to look deeper than the surface, and direct their attention rather to the inward being of the various animals, than to their outward forms, will find that every creature in which is the breath of life, has a physical, moral, and sometimes a spiritual analogy, with the most expanded organisms of humanity, and owes its position among created things to that very analogy. In every human being are comprised all the mental characteristics that are outwardly embodied in the various members of the animal kingdom, and it is impossible to mark any attribute of the lower animals which does not find a further and a higher development in the human existence in one or other of its manifestations.

forming the office of horns, arm it in front. The body is a fleshy disk, covered with a spiral shaped shell of a transparent, glassy substance, colored a most beautiful violet. But what renders this animal curious, is that it floats on the surface of the water by means of a vesicle filled with air, and appended to its body. This vesicle, or bladder, too bulky to admit of the animal's dragging it along, seems to reduce it to helplessness, and to condemn it to become, without any chance of escape, the prey of fish and of aquatic birds. But Providence, as admirable in the protection given to infinitely small things, as in the organization of man and the superior animals, has furnished this humble mollusk with an apparatus, by means of which it secretes in the water, on the approach of an enemy, a violet colored liquid of a penetrating odor, which conceals it for some moments, while it cuts off with the horny plates of its mouth the threads attaching the vesicle to its body

It then sinks to the bottom, thus escaping the threatened destruction.

"Curious to see the manner in which the sea-snails secrete this fluid, I put a score of them in a cask, where I was keeping some fish alive. Touching them one after another with a rod, I remarked that at the expiration of some moments the entire twenty were lying in a heap on the bottom of the cask, separated from their bladders, which floated on the surface; but, most marvellous of all, on the next morning I found them every one floating again. During the night they had secreted new bladders, to replace those of which they had voluntarily deprived themselves."

The sea-butterfly belongs to a class of small animals, called *Pteropoda*, from the Greek *pteron*, wing, and *pous*, foot, in allusion to the pair of broad, flat tened fins at the sides of the head, by means of which they are enabled to swim with tolerable rapidity through the open sea, which is their favorite abode. They seldom approach the shore, unless driven thither by the winds. They often crowd the sea in such inconceivable numbers as to color the surface for many miles.

There are two orders of pteropoda, characterized by the presence or absence of a shell. It is to the first of these orders that the sea butterfly belongs. Great flocks of them are met with among the floating sea-weeds, where they pursue the microscopic larvae feeding upon this vegetation.

They are very active, and extremely difficult to catch, at the slightest strange noises folding up their wings and dropping to the bottom. This curious little mollusk is divided into parts by a deep notch or furrow. The posterior part or abdomen is covered by a globular, transparent shell; the anterior part comprises the thorax, the head, and two tentacles. The wings and fins are placed tolerably near together on each side of the mouth. Along with the sea-snails, they are favorite bait for anglers, being greedily sought after by fish. The student of natural history in search of novelties and curiosities will find in Wallace's "Malay Archipelago" a volume that will richly repay examination.

ALMOST DESPAIR.

O H, God! Thou seest—Thou knowest the anguish that I feel;

Why then delay so long, so long to heal?

Why hidest Thou Thy face?

My load grows heavier day by day;

In vain (it seems) I stretch my hands and pray

For comfort from Thy grace.

Ah! sore and bitter is my need,

And wilt Thou break a bruised reed,

Trembling 'neath Thy rod?

I try in vain to lift my eyes

Up to the ever-frowning skies.

Have pity, oh, my God!

In mercy, grant a balm to heal

And ease my aching breast;

And make me see and know and feel,

That what Thou doest is best.

MARAH.

VIENNA.

THE present exhibition of art and industry, which will probably surpass all former ones in splendor, and in the number and character of its visitors, is now the great centre of attraction at this ancient capital. Vienna, on the banks of the Danube, is the resort of emperors and princes, of the rich, the learned and the industrious, of the lovers of pleasure, of improvement and of travel—all assemble there to participate in the splendid show. There the skill of the artisan and the mechanic will excite emulation, and the influence of the industrious classes will increase in the esteem of all the advocates of progress, and give to the nations lessons in the labors of peace. This meeting of people from all civilized countries has the sympathy and best wishes of all the friends of industry and advancement.

There are few places that stand connected with a train of more interesting associations than Vienna. It is situated about two miles from the main stream of the Danube, though a branch of that river extends to the city. It is the capital of the Austrian Empire, and is a celebrated city of Europe. With the exception of two suburbs, all the buildings are on the right bank of this branch of the Danube; they rise from it on terraces, so that many of the streets have a considerable declivity. Vienna stands near the centre of a basin, which is rich in fossil shells. It consists of the town proper and more than thirty suburbs. Its whole circuit is about sixteen miles, and it is almost surrounded by walls, which are twelve feet high, with twelve gates; it is also provided with a ditch. The *Innere Stadt*, as it is called, which was the original town, forms a circle near its centre, and except on the side of the river, is surrounded by ramparts from thirty to fifty feet high, and has eleven regular bastions; it is separated from the suburbs by an esplanade about six hundred yards wide, which furnishes space for extensive walks. This inner town contains about one tenth of the city lands, and one-seventh of the people. The population of Vienna is about 500,000. The social aspect is different from other large cities, where the nobility shun the confined, old-fashioned streets; for here the old town is the court end and centre of gayety and fashion. Near the centre of the inner town is the *Graben*, a street five hundred and forty feet long, and one hundred and sixty wide, which contains some of the finest and best stores. The dwellings are usually four or five stories high, and very large, being occupied by a number of families. There are many palaces, churches and monuments, remarkable for their beauty and magnificence; also, museums, picture-galleries and libraries, that are all that could be desired for amusement and instruction. The things that are well worth seeing are numerous, and would require much time to describe.

Vienna is one of the most salubrious cities in Europe; the atmosphere is remarkably pure and balmy; the inhabitants enjoy robust health, and spend much time in the open air.

C.

DUNELLEN, NEW JERSEY.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.



TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOTHER AND SON."

"IT'S a shame!" said Mrs. Fogg, as she hurried away, after the funeral of Mrs. Grant, escaping from the poor, desolate room where two children, almost babes, were sleeping, unconscious that they were motherless. "It's a shame that nobody'll take them."

"Yes—a bitter shame!" replied a neighbor, who was also getting off as fast as she could, so as to shift responsibility on some other shoulders.

"There's Mrs. Grove; she might take them as well as not. But they'll go to the poor-house, for all she cares."

"Well, somebody'll have to answer for it," said Mrs. Fogg. "As for me, I've got young ones enough of my own."

"We left Mrs. Cole in the room. She has only one child, and her husband is well-to-do. I can't believe she'll have the heart to turn away from them."

"She's got the heart for anything. But we'll see."

Mrs. Cole did turn away from the sleeping babes, sighing aloud, with a forced sigh that others might hear, and give her credit for a sympathy and concern she did not feel.

At last all were gone—all but a man named Wheaton, and a poor woman, not able to take care of herself.

"What's to become of these children?" said Wheaton.

"Don't know. Poor-house, I s'pose," answered the woman.

"Poor-house!"

"Yes. Nobody wants 'em, and there's no place else for 'em."

"Mamma, mamma!" cried a plaintive voice, and a flaxen-haired child, not much over a year old, rose up in the bed, and looked piteously about the room. "I want mamma."

A great, choking sob came into the man's throat.

Then the other child awoke, and said, "Don't cry, sissy. Mamma's gone away."

At this the little one began crying bitterly.

"I can't stand this, nohow," said the man, speaking in a kind of desperate way; and, going to the bed, he gathered the two children in his arms, hushing and comforting them with soothing words.

"What on earth have you got there?" exclaimed Mrs. Wheaton, as her husband came striding into the room, where she sat mending one of his well-worn garments.

"Two babies!" he answered, in a voice so unusual that Mrs. Wheaton dropped her work on the floor, and rose up in amazement.

"What?"

"Mrs. Cole's two babies. I've been over to the funeral; and I tell you, Jane, it wasn't in me to see these little things carted off to the almshouse. There wasn't a woman to look after them—no, not one. Every soul sneaked off but Polly Jones, and she's of

no account, you know. Just look at their dear little faces!" And he held them up in his arms, and let their tender, tearful, half-frightened, half-wondering eyes plead their cause with his wife, and they did not plead in vain.

Surprised as she was, and with an instant protest in her heart, Mrs. Wheaton could not, in the presence of these motherless little ones, utter a word of remonstrance. She took the youngest one from the arms of her husband, and spoke to it tenderly. The child sobbed two or three times, and then laid its head against her bosom. There was an influx of mother-love into the heart of this woman, who had never been a mother, the instant her breast felt the pressure of the baby's head, and the arm that drew it closer with an involuntary impulse was moved by this new love.

Not many words passed between the husband and wife—at least, not then, though thought was very busy with both of them. Mrs. Wheaton's manner toward the children was kind even to tenderness, and this manner won their confidence, and drew from them such looks and ways and little expressions of satisfaction as touched her heart, and filled it with a loving interest.

After nightfall, when supper was over, and the children asleep, Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton sat down together, each showing a little reserve and embarrassment. Mrs. Wheaton was the first to speak.

"What were you thinkin' about, John?" said she, almost sharply. "I can't have these children."

Wheaton did not lift his eyes, nor answer, but there was a certain dogged and resolute air about him that his wife noticed as unusual.

"Somebody else must take them," she said.

"The county will do it," Wheaton replied.

"The county!"

"Yes. There's room for them at the almshouse, and nowhere else, that I know of, unless they stay here."

"Unless they stay here!" Mrs. Wheaton's voice rose a little. "It's easy enough to say that—but who's to take the care of them?"

"It's a great undertaking, I know," answered the husband, meekly, yet with a new quality in his voice that did not escape the quick ear of his wife, "and the burden must fall on you."

"I wouldn't mind that so much, but—"

She kept back the sentence that was on her tongue.

"But what?" asked her husband.

"John," said Mrs. Wheaton, drawing herself up in a resolute manner, and looking steadily into her husband's face, "as things are going on—"

"Things shall go on differently," interrupted Wheaton. "I've thought that all over."

"How differently, John?"

"Oh! in every way. I'll turn over a new leaf."

Wheaton saw a light flash into his wife's face.

"First and foremost, I'm not going to lose any more days. Last month I had six days docked from my wages."

"Why, John?"

"It's true—more's the shame for me. That was

eighteen dollars, you see, not counting the money I fooled away in idle company—enough to pay for all these babies would eat and wear twice over."

"Oh, John!" There was something eager and hopeful in his wife's face as she leaned toward him.

"I'm in downright earnest, Jane," he answered. "If you'll take the babies, I'll do my part. I'll turn over a new leaf. There shall be no more lost days; no more foolish wasting of money; no spending of evenings at McBride's."

"Oh, John!" In her surprise and delight, she could only repeat the exclamation. As she did so this time, she rose, and putting her hands on his shoulders, bent and kissed him on the forehead.

"You'll take the babies?" said he.

"Yes, and twenty more, if you keep to this and say so," answered Jane, laughing through tears.

"All right, then. It's a bargain." And Wheaton caught his wife's hand and shook it by way of confirmation.

From that time Wheaton turned over a new leaf. Neighbors expressed surprise when it was told that Jane Wheaton had adopted the two orphan children. Fellow-workmen taunted John, calling him soft-hearted, and a fool, for "taking other men's brats."

One said to him: "Are four mouths easier to fill than two?"

Another: "You'll be sick of all this before the year's out."

And another: "I'll see you sold out by the constable in less than six months."

But John had little to say in reply—only maintaining an air of quiet good humor, and exhibiting more interest in his work.

For three weeks John Wheaton had not lost a day—something very unusual; and not one evening during that time had he spent at McBride's drinking-saloon. His poor little home, which had come to have a neglected look, was putting on a new appearance. The gate that for months had hobbled on one hinge, now swung smoothly, and the mended latch held it shut. Rank weeds no longer filled the door-yard; the broken steps were mended, and clean panes of glass filled many a place in the sashes where had been unsightly rags and sheets of paper. A neglected running rose was trimmed, and trained to its proper place over the doorway, and was now pushing out young green leaves and buds.

Within, pleasant changes were also apparent. Various new but inexpensive articles of furniture were to be found. Old things were mended, polished up and wonderfully improved. With all this, marvellous to relate, Wheaton's earnings had not only been equal to the increased expenditure, but there was an actual surplus of ten dollars in hand.

"I never would have believed it," said John, as he and his wife sat one evening talking over their improved condition after the babies—loved now almost as if their own—were asleep. "It's just as old Brown used to say—'Waste takes more than want.' I declare I've got heart in me again. I thought we should have to let the place go; that I'd

never be able to pay off the mortgage. But here we are, ten dollars ahead in less than a month; and going on at this rate, we'll have all clear in eighteen months."

Next day a fellow-workman said to Wheaton, half in banter: "Didn't I see the constable down your way yesterday?"

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Wheaton, with more gravity of manner than his questioner had expected.

"I thought I saw him looking around after things, and counting his fees on his fingers."

"Likely as not," said Wheaton. "I know of a good many rents not paid up last quarter. Money gone to McBride's, instead of to the landlord—eh?"

The man winced a little.

"How are the babies?" he asked.

"First-rate," Wheaton answered, and with a smile so real that his fellow-workman could not pursue his banter.

Time went on, and, to the surprise of all, Wheaton's circumstances kept improving. The babies had brought a blessing to his house. In less than eighteen months he had paid off the light mortgage that for years rested on his little home; and not only this, had improved it in various ways, even to the putting up of a small addition, so as to give them a neat breakfast-room.

The children grew finely—there were three of them now, for their hearts and home had opened to another orphan baby—and, being carefully trained by Mrs. Wheaton, were a light and joy to the house.

At the end of five years we will introduce them briefly to the reader. Wheaton is a master workman, and employs ten men. He has enlarged his house, and made it one of the neatest in the village. Among his men is the very one who bantered him most about the children, and prophesied that he would soon be sold out by the constable. Poor man! it was not long before the constable had him in charge. He had wasted his money at McBride's, instead of paying it to the landlord.

Walking homeward, one evening after work was over, Wheaton and his journeyman took the same way. They were silent until they came near the former's pretty dwelling, when the journeyman said, half in jest, yet with undisguised bitterness: "I guess we'll have to take a baby or two."

"Why?" asked Wheaton, not perceiving what was in the man's thought.

"For good luck," said the journeyman.

"Oh!"

"You've had nothing but good luck since you took poor Mrs. Grant's orphan children."

"Only such good luck as every one may have if he will," answered Wheaton.

"I can't see it," returned the man. "Your wages were no better than mine. I had one child, and you saddled yourself with two, and not long after added a third. And how is it to day? You have a nice house, and your wife and children are well dressed, while I have never been able to make both ends

meet, and my boy looks like a ragamuffin half the time."

"Do you see that house over there—the largest and the handsomest in the place?" said Wheaton.

"Yes."

"Who owns it?"

"Jimmy McBride."

"How much did you pay toward building it?"

"Me?"—in surprise.

"Yes, you! How much did you pay toward building it?"

"Why, nothing. Why should I help pay for his house?"

"Sure enough! Why should your hard earnings go to build and furnish an elegant house for a man who would rather sell liquor, and so ruin his neighbors, body and soul, than support himself in a useful calling, as you and I are trying to do?"

"I can't see what you're driving at," said the journeyman.

"How much a week do you spend at McBride's saloon?"

The man stood still, with a blank look on his face.

"A dollar a week?" asked Wheaton.

"Yes."

"Say a dollar and a half."

"Well, say as much."

"Do you know what that amounts to in a year?"

"Never counted it up."

"Seventy-eight dollars."

"No!"

"Yes, to a dollar. So, in five years, at this rate, you have contributed nearly four hundred dollars toward McBride's handsome house, without getting anything but harm in return, and haven't a shingle over your head that you can call your own. Now, it's my advice, in a friendly way, that you stop helping McBride, and begin to help yourself. He's comfortable enough, and can do without your dollar and a half a week. Take a baby, if you will, for good luck. You'll find one over at the poor-house; it won't cost you half as much as helping McBride, and I don't think he needs your aid any longer. But here we are at home, and I see wife and children waiting for me. Come in, won't you?"

"No, thank you. I'll go home and talk to Ellen about taking a baby for good luck." And he tried to smile, but it was in anything but a cheerful way. He passed onward, but called back after going a few steps, "If you see anything of my Jack about your place, just send him home, will you?"

Jack was there, meanly dressed and dirty, and in striking contrast with Wheaton's three adopted children, who, with the only mother they knew, gave the happy man a joyful welcome home.

"I've turned over a new leaf," said the journeyman, when he came to work on the next morning.

"Indeed! I'm glad to hear it," returned Wheaton.

"Ellen and I talked it over last night. I'm done helping saloon-keepers build fine houses. Glad you put it to me just in that way. Never looked at it so

before. But it's just the hard truth. What fools we are!"

"Going to take a baby?" said Wheaton, smiling.

"Well, we haven't just settled that. But Ellen heard, yesterday, of a poor little thing that'll have to go on the county if some one don't take it; and I shouldn't wonder, now, if she opened her heart, for she's a motherly body."

"Where is it?" asked Mr. Wheaton.

"Down at the Woodbury Mills."

Wheaton reflected a few moments, and then said: "Look here, Frank; take my advice, and put this baby between you and McBride's—between you and lost days—between you and idle thriftlessness, and, my word for it, in less than two years you'll have your own roof over your head."

Only for a little while did the man hesitate, then, with an emphatic manner, he exclaimed—"I'll do it."

"Do it at once, then," said Wheaton. "Put on your coat, and go over to the Mills and get the baby. It will be an angel in your house, that will help and bless you in every hour of temptation. Go at once. God has opened for you this way of safety, and if you walk therein all will be well."

He did walk therein, and all was well. Wheaton's prophecy was fulfilled. In less than two years the journeyman had his own roof over his head, and it covered a happy home.

WHAT DO YOUR CHILDREN READ?

A BAD book, magazine or newspaper, is as dangerous to your child as a vicious companion, and will as surely corrupt his morals and lead him away from the paths of safety. Every parent should set this thought clearly before his mind, and ponder it well. Look to what your children read, and especially to the kind of papers that get into their hands, for there are now published scores of weekly papers, with attractive and sensuous illustrations, that are as hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison to a healthful body.

Many of these papers have attained large circulations, and are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and crime. Trenching on the very borders of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the imagination and allure the weak and unguarded from the paths of innocence. The danger to young persons from this cause was never so great as at this time; and every father and mother should be on guard against an enemy that is sure to meet their child.

Our mental companions—the thoughts and feelings that dwell with us when alone, and influence our actions—these are what lift us up or drag us down. If your child has pure and good mental companions, he is safe; but if, through corrupt books and papers, evil thoughts and impure imaginings get into his mind, his danger is imminent.

Look to it, then, that your children are kept as free as possible from this taint. Never bring into your house a paper or periodical that is not strictly pure, and watch carefully lest any such get into the hands of your growing-up boys.



OH, flowers, but ye are wonderful!
 I speak not of your dyes;
 Not for your beauty now I cull
 Your bright varieties.
 'Tis at your scents I marvel more,
 So manifold and true;
 More separate their fragrant store
 Than hue distinct from hue.

Though in each kind the color change,
 One odor still is there;
 The tints through all the scale may range,
 Each tint then each more fair;
 But violet blue and violet white,
 And lilac dark or pale,
 The same sweet breath for our delight
 With constant truth exhale.

The stock and wall-flower side by side
 On garden-bed shall grow;
 From the same soil their sap supplied,
 In the same air they blow;
 But whence, that perfume all its own
 Does each loved flower obtain?
 Scents, to my earliest childhood known,
 Ye bring those hours again!

Sweet pea, sweet-briar, and mignonette,
 Words cannot tell your power
 My thoughts in some dim scene to set,
 In some far-distant hour,
 Beyond the baffled memory's reach,
 In life's just dawning day,
 When not as yet I lisped in speech,
 And Heaven about me lay!

Yet not your hue nor form, methinks,
 Thus in my heart remain;
 Your matchless odors are the links
 Which weave the pleasing chain.

These take me back I know not where,
 Revive the infant dream,
 And wake the thought of climes more fair,
 And light of purer beam.

And then I marvel not that He
 Who made us, flowers and men,
 Proclaimed that who His Heaven would see,
 Must be as babes again;
 Must from the heights of pride return,
 From self's and passion's sway,
 And at his feet in meekness learn
 To love Him and obey!

Awake, oh, North Wind! come, thou South!
 And on my garden blow;
 Come, rain and dew! and break the drouth,
 And bid the spices flow;
 And bring, oh, Sharon's Rose Divine!
 Thy peerless fragrance pure;
 Though sweets of all the earth were mine,
 Thy royal right is sure!

"Relics of Eden!" types ye are
 Of better things to come;
 Pledges of joys His hands prepare
 For our eternal home;
 Alas! the reek of flame and death
 Our earthly breezes fills;
 Oh, for the air the bleaséd breathe
 On yon celestial hills!

But we shall breathe it soon; and while
 We wait that crowning day,
 Your fragrance shall our toil beguile,
 Your beauty cheer our way;
 'Twas sweetly sung—"We might have had
 For every want of ours
 Enough, enough"—to make us glad,
 Our Father gave us flowers!

HENRY DOWNTON.





A DAY OF DAYS.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

He was here but a moment ago;
I yet, in the tree-shaded path, hear the tread of his feet;
He left me a rose in whose heart is a deep crimson glow;
Ah, the rose is so sweet!

His words they were few,
But he said to me wonderful, wonderful things with his
eyes—

His eyes, that are like the skies over us, cloudless and blue;
Ah, how I love the skies!

Must I tell what they said—
Those soft, azure eyes of his? No! 'tis a secret I'll keep,

Keep close in the heart of my heart, be I living or dead,
Awake or asleep.

Oh, how bright is the day!
There never dawned one so bright since the long ages
have run—
Never one half so bright since the earth took her circling
way
Round her lover, the sun.

I could worship the sun
As he beams on his mistress, the earth, in the fulness of
love;
For love is so worshipful! Tell me, sweet rose, am I one
All its blessings to prove?

OUR CLUB.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

VI.

PECULIARITIES AND PROPENSITIES.

JEANNETTE had just been reading in the *Atlantic* for March, James's mournful but exquisitely-told story of "The Madonna of the Future," and a silence had fallen upon our little group—a silence in which the soul of each, withdrawn into the vast solitude of the Divine presence, looked in upon itself with regrets and longings that could not be uttered.

It was the Professor who spoke first.

"Well, well. It is no fanciful creation," he said, with a sigh. "Could we look into the heart of this great surging sea of humanity, moaning and toiling, and tossing about us, we should find many a poor Theobald wearing out his days in fruitless worship of a fair, gracious ideal which he is always meaning to catch and fix in visible and enduring form, planning enthusiastically, and always getting ready to do some grand, glorious, marvellous thing that shall astonish and bless the unbelieving world; but while he works, and dreams, and waits, and waits, and dreams, and works in his slow, careful, cautious, conscientious way, the years go over him, one by one, in noiseless, unnoticed flight, and, shocked and startled by the rude friendliness that would strip away his delusions, death strikes him at last, cowering in the awful desolation of despair before the blank, cracked, discolored and decaying canvas of his life, which he had thought to make glow and radiate with a wonderful, divine, immortal beauty and significance, but which his palsied hand may never more touch with the power that, dumb and unexpressed, racks his lone, lost, feverish, suffering, sinking soul."

"And it is enough to make one curse the world," burst forth Jeannette, with that stormy vehemence of hers, born of her keen sense of wrong and injustice; "the world so fitly represented in Mrs. Coventry at the cemetery gate with her knowing smirk and cunning leer, asking maliciously: 'And the great Madonna—have you seen her after all?' No tender thought of the struggles, the aspirations, the impassioned yearnings and reachings after the beautiful ideal—no soft veil of pity dropping over the blighted powers, the lost opportunities, the sad failures, which, if spoken of at all, should be treated at least with sympathy and compassion. More sweet, human and wholesome is the charity of the Signora Serafina for her blind adorer, and one forgets her coarseness, her age, her total unlikeness to the divine creature that he worshipped and devoutly studied in the kindly appreciation with which she regards him. Even the faith that exhales in her full, rich sigh, 'He was a magnificent genius' is better and closer to the truth of things than the cold,

carping skepticism that vents itself in sneers and ridicule over a fate so mournfully sad and tragic."

"But, Jean, my dear friend, we don't really want to encourage this sort of genius, if you will suffer us to confess it," said Templeton, soothingly. "The world calls for genius, power, talent—whatever you name it—that is bold, active, forceful, aggressive, persevering, if it is not so fine, and with the dreams, fancies, visions, yearnings and fruitless strivings of the cloudy-brained idealist it has very little sympathy and less patience. It demands something real and tangible, something it can see, and touch, and utilize, to sustain its faith, and without such material support its favor will most certainly be withdrawn."

"That is just enough, I suppose," Jeannette returned. "Undeserved favor is not what I would urge or ask in behalf of these unfortunate souls who never arrive at the results at which they aim. But it is the unfair, unreasonable, unwise and utterly childish way in which professedly sensible people regard the failures and mistakes of this irregular and ill-balanced order of minds that excites my indignation, as if the condition from which spring these errors so ridiculed were any more under their control than would be the abnormal action of a diseased organ of the body for which no one would think of holding them responsible. Here is the injustice of which I complain. If anybody happens to come into the world—if anybody ever does 'happen' to come, which I question—with any physical infirmity or deficiency whatsoever, there is a wide-spread sympathy for the unhappy victim, a universal outcry and clamor of condolence for the victim's friends, and no human means are left untried that promise a removal, or even a mitigation, of the lamented evil. To ridicule one so afflicted is accounted rightly the mark of a vulgar mind, and an ostentatious pity is considerably avoided, lest it should wound the sensitive and possibly morbid nature of the sufferer. But for the dwarfed, misformed and unequally-developed spirits templed in bodies symmetrical and beautiful, who has any charity or compassion? A character thrown out of balance by an exaggerated or a missing faculty, excites less interest and less sympathy than the lucky possessor of a hand with an excess or deficiency of fingers. An inherited mental or moral defect, for which one is no more responsible than for a deformed foot, a distorted shape, a disfiguring feature, is treated as though it were a punishable offence. Even those who, if not in the same, are in other virtues equally lacking, adding their disdainful breath to the storm of censure and condemnation, beating on the luckless individual doomed to suffer for faults—sins, if you please—not strictly his own; a born criminal, if there can be such. There seems no pity,

no charity, no fellowship, no generous, kindly oversight of unloveliness, no tender, fraternal hand outstretched to help, but, like the lower orders of creation, we turn savagely upon the weak and unfortunate, and worry and persecute and hound them to the death."

"I'm afraid there is too much truth in your observations, Miss Mariott," said Dr. Osgood, gravely. "I have remarked the same irrational propensity of human nature very often, and not always with the entire equanimity and composure becoming a philosopher. My profession ostensibly deals with these outward and physical forms of disease, but my practice must go back to anterior causes, finding them frequently hidden in the mental peculiarities for which the world has so little charity, while it overflows with pity and tenderness for the effects, casting about in its blind, foolish fashion for means to mitigate the evil of these, with that curious wisdom which pegs away at the outmost branches of a poisonous tree and leaves the root undisturbed. When our pathology goes deeper, and can more properly be called a science, it will teach us that all diseases are spiritual in their origin, and that our remedial measures instead of being directed to the mere outward phases of a morbid and disordered condition, should apply at the outset to the hidden, interior sources of the ills we aim to remove."

"In that day, Doctor, we shall not find you with a case of potent and magical vials in your pocket," said Templeton, dubiously. "Gone will be the business of the pharmacy, vain all its laboriously-acquired wisdom, for what will avail its purgatives, and resolvents, and soporifics, and pain-killers, and counter-irritants in ministering 'to a mind diseased'?"

"What, indeed?" echoed the Doctor. "Their inefficacy in the case of bodies diseased might well suggest a doubt as to their power in reaching down to the heart of the difficulty at which we tinker superficially."

Dell Falconer, who had apparently dropped into a profound study over the Doctor's philosophy, here glanced up at him with a serio-comic expression. "Dr. Osgood," she said, in a spirit of raillery, "I have been trying to make out to what spiritual source I may attribute the incipient bunion on my right foot."

"Why, to laziness and vanity, beyond question, Miss Dell," retorted the Doctor, quick to repel this needle thrust at his theory. "Mortify the one by proper attention to the bath, and crucify the other by putting your foot into a covering adjusted to its form and proportioned to its size, and you will be in a fair way to annihilate cause and effect together."

Dell lifted her hands and opened her eyes and mouth in affectation of wonder. "I am astonished—dumbfounded at such profundity of knowledge," said she, after a moment's breathless silence.

"But, Doc," struck in Roy Sherwood, unwarned by the discomfiture of his bright and not easily daunted coadjutrix, "how will you account for the excruciating and distracting pain I am suffering from

the irritated and inflamed nerve of a decaying tooth?"

"Easiest thing in the world, you cynical dog," returned the un baffled Doctor. "You are always snarling and snapping and striking your spiteful fangs into the weak, tender places of other people, and it is simple justice that the penalty should work out in the corresponding externals of your natural man."

"But," reminded Jeannette, who was too deeply in earnest to relish these side sallies, "we were speaking of those involuntary sufferers, those misjudged and unhappy souls who walk the whole dreary length of their mortal days—God knows how far beyond—under the burden and shadow of spiritual infirmities which they had no share in incurring, which were thrust upon them with the life that they had no choice to accept or refuse—a weary, wretched heritage that they have no more power to throw off than the leopard to change his spots, the Ethiopian his skin."

There was one who had come into our midst—a still, gentle-mannered, thoughtful browed woman, of whom we knew nothing beyond her name and calling—Mara Dunbar, a teacher of drawing in the young ladies' seminary, which had sprung up airily under the frowning shadow, and dauntlessly facing the haughty front of the college buildings.

She drew a quick breath and turned about at the touch of Jeannette's words with a look in her face which bore eloquent witness of sympathy, possibly kinship with the class to whose woes the speaker's pathetic voice gave a new and thrilling interest; but, as if fearful of attracting attention, or of betraying, perhaps, a hidden pain, she settled back in her seat again, drooped her expressive eyes, and went on in her quiet, repressed way with the sketch which somebody had laughingly asked her to make of the Professor and Jeannette, in the felicitous character of Darby and Joan.

Dr. Osgood studied her intently—in fact, the Doctor was always studying Miss Dunbar, explaining, when some of us playfully rallied him upon the habit, that she was the first woman he had ever seen who talked, and talked eloquently, with her face instead of her tongue, and defending himself on the ground of scientific interest in all natural phenomena.

"Yes, ah, yes!" he said, slowly, with a deep-drawn sigh, breaking at last the silence that had followed Jean's pitying observation. "There are many fine spirits that struggle in perpetual eclipse with the nature to which they were linked in mortal birth—fine, high, generous, heroic, sensitive souls, goaded and tortured to the last point of endurance, and crippled in every movement by the galling fetter of an inherited vice or failing; and not the least of their sufferings is the consciousness that they are judged by the alien quality, that all their aspirations, their strivings, their sacrifices and martyrdoms count for nothing with their careless on-looking fellows, who measure but the surface, and leave the deeper

treasures of life unexplored. I know a man of splendid mental gifts, of grand moral virtues, of high social endowments, who, if free to live out his beautiful conceptions, and develop the rich, native resources of his character, would command the reverent attention and loving admiration of the world. But the rust and canker of self-distrust palsies all his powers, holding him in hopeless bondage, while his soul burns within him for action—action; and all his being cries and faints for possession of the faculties, which are like a fair heritage, into the use and enjoyment of which he may not enter. What, think you, were the sufferings and torments of Tantalus compared to his? Moved by warm, generous impulses; by sweet, human charities; by great aspirations and noble resolves, he reaches forth his hand instinctively to appropriate and diffuse his own, but the sharp, responding goad of the forgotten shackle brings him shuddering and sickening to the dust again, and the graces and triumphs of a life that is his, and yet not his, lie ever beyond his grasp. He cannot tell how it is. His kindred are a free people; they run their chosen ways unfettered, and have no sympathy with or understanding of his bonds. To them he is simply 'peculiar'—and he smiles bitterly at the sad significance of the word when he hears it, knowing the crucifixion it is to bear it. What so distinguished him from his fellows whether some ante-natal influence, or some fatal bent in the impressionable days of childhood—it does not matter; his life, so far as he can see, so far, perhaps, as any of us can see, is an utter failure, and his only comfort is in the hope, the faith that, somehow, in the wide sweep of the eternities the wise God, the good Father will make all right at last.

"I know a woman, with heart alive and thrilling with love for all human kind, with brain ever busy in devising schemes for conferring pleasure and happiness on others, and hands always occupied in carrying out benevolent designs; yet she is subject, at times, to furious outbursts of temper, that, like the eruptions of a volcano, lay in waste all the beautiful life that had budded and blossomed as the rose in her palmy days of peace. No words can describe her anguish, when the storm is spent and she sees, realizes the evil she has wrought, the good she has undone, knowing, from bitter experience, that all her passionate resolves will not save her from the shock of the recurring tempest, for she is powerless as a babe in the relentless grasp of this alien force of her nature, which, like those sins that are visited unto the third and fourth generations, is her wretched birth-right, or, more properly, her birth-wrong. I can think of nothing when I see her but a soft, white dove struggling hopelessly with a ruthless kite, which does but loose its clutch only to bury its cruel talons more torturously in the quivering flesh again.

"I recall another, who is a ceaseless prey to the green-eyed monster jealousy—(one may not speak of jealousy, you know, without reference to the 'green-eyed monster'). And yet another, who carries about

with her the grievous thorn of a peevish, rasping, impatient disposition, keenly sensitive to little irritations, which a more equable temper would never perceive. And still another, who, from earliest recollection, has been overshadowed by passing clouds of inexplicable sadness, gloom and melancholy that chill and darken all the atmosphere about the unhappy victim of inherited and uncomprehended sorrows.

"And so we might go on, each of us, enumerating and multiplying instances more marked and more lamentable than these, of people who, through no fault of their own, are miserable and sinful and offensive—wretched heirs of vices, that fill the earth with moral pestilence—poor, shackled slaves of moods, of tempers, of frenzies, of greeds and weaknesses and sensual appetites, that sweep them onward and downward like a swollen, mad-rushing current, which we make no effort to help them stem; on the contrary, standing coldly aside to watch them whirling, sinking, to criticise them, to condemn them, to point the finger of scorn at them, to hold them up to derision and abhorrence, to hurl obloquy and reproach at them, forgetful of our own soul-sicknesses, our own moral deformities, which, at least, should make us humble, if not helpful."

"But, my dear Doctor," said Templeton, after a thoughtful pause, wherein each, it is probable, had been meditating on his or her guiltiness of the matter charged, "are evils any less evils because they are transmitted and not acquired? Are we to wink at a man's sins because they were his father's or his father's father's, or because he was the passive subject of unhappy pre-natal impressions? Is he any the less to be judged by the law because he was born with a propensity to break it?"

The Doctor had risen from his seat and gone over to Miss Dunbar, standing behind her chair with the pretence, or, perhaps, with the real desire—one could never riddle the Doctor—of inspecting the sketch that lay before her, but which her trembling fingers for some minutes had not essayed to touch. Seeming not to note her agitation, and again, perhaps, not actually perceiving it—who could tell?—he made a laughing suggestion regarding the turn of the Professor's eyes, complimented the sidewise droop of Jeannette's head, recommended a wilder rumpling of the Professor's stormy hair, and having set the faltering pencil again at work, turned and walked two or three times in silence up and down the floor.

"First of all," he said, in acknowledgment of Templeton's remarks, "we should consider that we deal with a man spiritually diseased and deformed, and try to do for him what we try to do for the physically sick and infirm—restore him to right conditions. But, of remedies for the evils discussed, my duties will not give me space to talk to-night. Another time—to-morrow, if I chance to come in—we will bring what light we have to bear on this dark subject."

And, with a parting look at Mara Dunbar, he passed out in his abrupt, unceremonious fashion.

"IN THE BEGINNING."

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

(See Engraving.)

GEOLOGISTS divide the ages of the world before the creation of man into four periods or epochs, which, for convenience, they denominate Primary, Secondary, Tertiary and Quaternary Epochs.

Preceding the Primary period was a time of chaos, so to speak, "when the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." During this time there were sublime and mysterious convulsions of nature. The earth may even, at the beginning, according to some philosophers, have been an immense gaseous mass existing at an excessively high temperature. As it slowly cooled, it assumed its flattened spheroidal shape, and beds of concrete substances were formed, the heaviest necessarily sinking lowest, only, perhaps, to be forced to the surface again by the boiling and bubbling up of the burning mass within. We see even yet slight exhibitions of this phenomena in the earthquakes and volcanoes which shake the solid ground, and send up fire and sulphurous vapor from the depths of the earth.

Says a writer, describing this early period in the world's existence: "The first terrestrial crust formed would be incapable of resisting the waves of the ocean of internal fire, which would be depressed and raised up at its daily flux and reflux in obedience to the attraction of the sun and moon. Who can trace, even in imagination, the fearful rendings, the gigantic inundations, which would result from these movements? Who would dare to paint the sublime horrors of these first mysterious convulsions of the globe? Amid torrents of molten matter, mixed with gases, upheaving and piercing the scarcely consolidated crust, large crevices would be opened, and through these gaping cracks waves of liquid granite would be ejected, and there left to cool and consolidate on the surface. In this manner would the first mountains be formed. In this way, also, might some metallic veins be ejected through the smaller openings, true injections of the irruptive matter produced from the interior of the globe, traversing the primitive rocks and constituting the precious depository of metals, such as copper, zinc, antimony and lead."

When the active warring of the elements had ceased; when land and water had each been assigned their especial localities; when the atmosphere which enveloped the globe had become sufficiently solidified to transmit the rays of the sun, and thus God's mandate, "Let there be light!" obeyed; then for the first time was organic life possible. Now began the primary period of which geologists speak. It must ever remain a mystery how that first life originated, and theologians and scientists will probably find it a fruitful theme for dispute to the end of time. Again, at this day it seems impossible to decide whether

animal or vegetable life had the precedence in the order of creation. Darwinians will maintain that vegetation, as representing the lowest order of life, came first, in accordance with their theory of development, which demands a beginning at the very lowest and crudest forms, but a single remove from inanimate objects. We can only judge from the evidences of geology that the two orders of existence—the vegetable and the animal—were nearly or quite coeval, with perhaps a slight balance of testimony in favor of the Darwinians.

The Primary epoch is divided by geologists into a number of periods. The first of these, the Cambrian period, is so named from the rocks in which occur the traces of the earliest life. These rocks are found specially in England, Wales and Ireland. They have markings of a peculiar character, and abound in fossils. They are filled with worm-tracks or burrows, and the fossils represent the earliest inhabitants of the ocean.

Next in order comes the Silurian period, indicated by a system of rocks overspreading the whole earth. The name Silurian is given from a large tract of country in England and Wales formed of this system of rocks, and formerly peopled by the Silures, a Celtic race.

The characteristics of the Silurian period are supposed to have been shallow seas, with barren reefs and rocks rising out of the water. The fossil remains of this period indicate various mollusca and articulated animals, and a class of flowerless plants, called *Alga*, which bore a strong resemblance in their form to sea-weed of the present time. The *Alga* were succeeded by the *Lycopodeaceae*, displaying a little higher order of development. The seeds of these plants are found sparingly in the Silurian rocks.

The animal life of the Silurian seas was predacious in its habits. Their organisms were in some respects rudimentary. The *Trilobites*, a remarkable group of *Crustacea*, possessed simple and reticulated compound eyes. Of these *Crustacea* there were nearly two thousand species. Nearly ten thousand species of fossil remains of the Silurian period have been discovered and noted, while probably ten times as much still lies buried in the rocks. The *Crustaceans* predominated at that day; but they differed much in appearance from the lobsters and crabs which represent that order in our day. The *Trilobites* became extinct at the end of the Carboniferous epoch. The head was protected by an oval buckler, and the covering of the body was jointed or articulated, sometimes in rings and sometimes in plates.

The Silurian system of rocks is the one the most disturbed, showing that immediately following this age the crust of the globe was subject to numerous

violent changes and upheavals. Beds of rock originally horizontal were turned up, contorted, folded over and sometimes even set vertical. The bottom of the sea was frequently upheaved and left a mountain side or top.

The Old Red Sandstone or Devonian period is the name given to the third division of the Primary epoch. The rocks of the Devonian period exhibit fossils and plants of a more complex order than those of the subsequent period. Vertebrated animals, represented by numerous fishes, succeeded the *Zoophytes*, *Trilobites* and *Mollusks*. The ocean still vastly predominated over the land, though here and there were islands covered with plants which resembled mosses. There were yet no trees, though certain plants rose to a considerable height on tall and slender stems. *Cryptogams*, to which the mushrooms of the present day bear the nearest resemblance, were plentiful.

The fishes of the Old Red Sandstone period were more or less encased in armor, and some of them were beautiful and curious in form.

The Carboniferous period succeeds the Devonian, and this period is subdivided into the coal-measures, and the carboniferous limestone. The first gave rise to great deposits of coal, and the second to marine deposits frequently underlying the coal-fields.

The limestone mountains which form the base of the whole system, attain to a great thickness, and are of marine origin, being composed of the remains and filled with the fossils of *Zoophytes*, *Radiata*, *Cephalopoda* and fishes. The thickness of this limestone formation is in some places 2,500 feet, and attests to an almost inconceivable amount of animal life during the previous period.

Now, for the first time, do we find indications of forests. The vegetation of this period must have been profuse and luxuriant. The *Sigillaria* and *Stigmara*, and other fern-like plants, grew to the altitude of trees, and were left undisturbed; for there yet seemed no terrestrial life. The Carboniferous period was one of vast duration, as it has been estimated that it would require 122,400 years to produce only sixty feet of coal. Coal is composed of the mineralized remains of vegetation which flourished in some remote age of the world—the age which we are describing as the Carboniferous period. The duration of this period and the vast amount of vegetation which sprung into life and then fell into decay can be perceived by the apparently inexhaustible supplies of coal which exist in all portions of the world. These coal deposits are buried underneath immense rocks and thick layers of earth, indicating violent convulsions of nature and a great lapse of time since their deposit.

When we regard this lapse of time, it makes the present and the narrow period of the world's history covered by record and tradition, sink into contemptible nothingness. It is impossible to compute the time that has elapsed since these coal deposits were made. It is still less possible to measure the time of the growth and decay of vegetation which caused

them. Then, stretching far back of that age are two succeeding periods, each of undoubted immense duration; and we are not yet at the beginning of creation. Beyond that we have no data upon which to build up our theories. All is vague surmise; except that we begin to comprehend that time, even as we trace it backward, may be eternal.

Two characteristics of the Carboniferous period were excessive heat and excessive humidity of the atmosphere; and the fossils of vegetation remaining to us from that period prove that plants then attained enormous dimensions. The temperature of the whole globe seems to have been nearly the same in all latitudes. The same remains of plant life are found from Spitzbergen to Central Africa.

The *Lyceopodiaceæ* of to-day are humble plants scarcely a yard in height; those of the ancient world measured eighty or ninety feet in height, and there were forests of *Lepidodendrons*. With all this wealth of verdure, there were yet seen no flowers, and the species of plants were few, all belonging to the lower types of vegetation. There were no terrestrial animals as yet. There may have been a few winged insects; and a few land-snails might have found their homes on the damp earth. Some of the forms of vegetable life then existing are now completely extinct; others still exist in greatly diminished proportions.

During the Carboniferous period, coral began to be formed in the sea, and the waters were alive with strange fish, though the *Crustaceans* seem rare in the Carboniferous limestone strata. During this period vegetation seemed to reach its maximum, while the animal kingdom was poorly represented.

In the picture is given an ideal view of a marshy forest during the Carboniferous period. On the right are seen the naked trunks of a *Lepidodendron* and a *Sigillaria*, an arborescent fern rising between the two trunks. At the foot of these great trees an herbaceous fern and a *Stigmara* appear, whose long ramification of roots, provided with reproductive spores, extend to the water. On the left is the naked trunk of another *Sigillaria*, a tree whose foliage is altogether unknown, a *Sphenophyllum* and a *Conifer*. It is difficult to describe with precision the species of this last family, the impressions of which are, nevertheless, very abundant in the coal measures. In front of this group we see two trunks broken and overthrown. These are a *Lepidodendron* and a *Sigillaria*, mingling with a heap of vegetable debris in course of decomposition. Some herbaceous ferns and buds of *Calamites* rise out of the waters of the marsh. A few fishes belonging to the period swim on the surface of the water, and the aquatic reptile *A. chegosaurus* shows its long and pointed head. A *Stigmara* extends its roots into the water, and the pretty *Asterophyllites*, with its finely-cut stems, rises above it in the foreground. A forest composed of *Lepidodendra* and *Calamites* forms the background to the picture.

Sir Roderick I. Murchison gave the name of "Permian" to certain peculiar deposits of rock found in

the province of Perm in Russia; and from these rocks the next period takes its name. "The Permian rocks," says a modern English geologist, "have of late years assumed great interest, particularly in England, in consequence of the evidence their correct determination affords with regard to the probable extent beneath them of the coal-bearing strata which they overlie and conceal, thus tending to throw a light upon the duration of our coal-fields, one of the most important questions of the day in connection with our industrial resources and national prosperity."

Although the climate during the Permian period was undoubtedly similar to that which prevailed during the Carboniferous period, there are yet strong indications of the existence of glaciers and icebergs. The flora and fauna of this period do not seem to differ greatly from those of the period which preceded it, though there are some new and more developed species of each. But vegetable and animal remains are both somewhat scarce in the Permian formation. The absence of these remains is accounted for by the probable fact that the deposition of the formation was in a great measure by solution. The ocean still claimed a large portion of the surface of the earth. Much of the Europe of to-day was then a

vast sea, with here and there an island rising out of its depths.

The Permian period constituted the last of the divisions of the Primary epoch. In reviewing the epoch, we have seen the earth take shape and become divided into land and water. We have beheld the appearance of vegetable and animal life in inferior forms.

At the close of this epoch, fishes were the highest order of beings in the organic world. There were no birds, and no mammals of any sort. The only living creatures we find upon land are a few marsh-frequenting reptiles of small size. There were then probably no seasons, no varieties of and no zones of temperature.

Hundreds of thousands and possibly millions of years have passed, as one period of the epoch has given place to another; and yet we are only at the beginning. Three more epochs, each equally great in duration, must pass away before we come to times whose history is written on other material than the rocks. The processes of creation form an interesting and a wonderful study, and the geologist revels amid the discovery of truths far more wonderful than fiction.

INSUBORDINATION; OR, THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER VII.

A SERENADE.

WHEN Anne retired to her bed that night, it was with a new feeling about her heart. The information which her little friend had conveyed to her respecting Mr. Illerton was unexpected, and yet pleasant in a degree that she could not account for. She had passed but half an hour with him, and had only been led to think of him since that time, it seemed to her, in consequence of her interview resulting in a serious rupture with Mrs. Hardamer and two of her daughters. But now to hear that he had expressed an interest in her, was strangely pleasing. The more she thought about the matter, the more confused became her perceptions, and the more excited her feelings.

"This is not right," she at length murmured to herself, and, with an effort, endeavored to throw her thoughts off of the too absorbing subject. But, like the needle to the pole, they would return, and continued to return, in spite of every effort, as often as she attempted to force them away. Sleep finally stole over her senses; but in slumber she thought of him still, and awoke more than once during the night from pleasant dreams, in which his presence had made the chief delight.

On the next evening Illerton again called. He had dropped in regularly almost every evening for over a week. Through a little management, Mrs.

Webster had thus far succeeded in preventing him from meeting with Anne, though she felt her desire to see them together daily increasing. She was fully satisfied of Anne's pure and noble character, and esteemed Illerton as one of the few in society who are above reproach.

"You said there was a very nice young lady here, I believe; did you not, Mrs. Webster?" he asked, soon after he came in.

"Indeed, Henry! Have you just remembered it?"

"I must confess a great want of gallantry on my part; but I suppose extra attentions to her will atone for past neglect," he replied, smiling.

"You've grown tired, then, in your chase after an unknown charmer? Well, that is encouraging. I shall soon expect to see you as rational as ever."

"No more tired, and twice as ardent as I was a week ago," he said, with animation. "But tell me the name of this young lady, with a sight of whom I have not yet been favored."

"You must promise first not to fall in love with her."

"I promise."

"Quite willing to commit yourself, I declare!"

"Now tell me her name, Mrs. Webster."

"Don't be so impatient, Henry. Why, what's the matter with you? You have grown very suddenly and very strangely interested in this unknown lady."

You don't think, surely, that she is your pretty sewing girl?"

"Well, I do think so—and I know so!" said Illerton, in a positive tone.

This was more than Mrs. Webster had expected, and she looked surprised and confused.

Illerton continued: "How *could* you hold me in suspense so long, Mrs. Webster, when you knew that I was half crazy to find her? But is she not all I have described her?"

"Yes, Henry; and more, too. You know not half her worth." Mrs. Webster spoke with feeling.

"Heaven bless you for saying so!" exclaimed the young man, seizing the hand of his maternal friend. "But I am impatient to see her. In mercy relieve my suspense."

"Be calm, Henry," returned Mrs. Webster, seriously. "Remember that all this enthusiasm is on one side. She has not been so much interested as you have; and, if I have read her aright, thinks rarely of you, and with no feeling. You were to her an intruding stranger, and caused her much pain of mind. Except for this pain, I am inclined to think that she would hardly have thought of you again. You have got to win her, if you would wear her."

"And win her I will!" said the young man, with enthusiasm.

"Be not so sure, Henry. Unless she can see in you the beauty of moral excellence, she will never yield you her hand."

"Do you think I have anything to hope, then, Mrs. Webster?" he said, in a more serious and concerned tone of voice.

"There is no one I would rather see the husband of Miss Earnest than yourself, Henry; and no one whom I think so worthy of her. Even already I love her as a daughter, and if you win her, and your mother approves the choice, I shall have a double claim on your regard."

"You make me too happy, Mrs. Webster. But does she know of my visit here? Is she aware that I am now in the house?"

"She has not the least suspicion of it, Henry. I have carefully concealed from her, for good reasons, the fact that I knew you."

"Well, this need be no longer," he said. "I am impatient to see her face again, and once more to hear the music of her voice."

Mrs. Webster rung the bell, and, to the servant who entered, said: "Tell Anne that I would like to see her in the parlor."

In a brief space Anne entered.

"Let me introduce you to Mr. Illerton, the son of one of my best and oldest friends," said Mrs. Webster, taking her hand and advancing with her.

Anne started a little when she heard the name, and there was a slight exhibition of internal agitation; but in a moment she was calm, and received him with the easy politeness that was so natural to her.

It is needless to detail the particulars of this interview. Illerton, of course, continued to be a constant

visitor, and soon awoke a deep and trembling interest in the heart of Anne Earnest. She no longer held toward Mrs. Webster the relation of one whose services were given for hire. That lady had dissolved this connection, and had elevated her to the position of a daughter and a companion. Anne attended her when she went into company, and was thus introduced into a select and valued circle of friends, whose rank in society was fixed upon the basis of real worth. And she soon became known as the choice of Illerton, a young man universally esteemed for his high moral principles. He was the only male representative of an old and wealthy family.

"Who do you think I met in Market Street to-day?" said Geneva Hardamer to her sister, coming in from an idle stroll, with an expression of astonishment upon her countenance.

"How should I know, I wonder?" said Gertrude, moodily; for, as usual, she was in no very amiable humor.

"Well, you'd like to know, I'm thinking."

"Who was it, then?" asked Gertrude, brightening up a little. "Was it Mr. Illerton?"

"Yes. But there was somebody else with him."

"And who was it?" asked Gertrude, with an expression of lively interest.

"You wouldn't guess in a dog's age, and so I'll tell you. It was Anne Earnest."

"Who?" exclaimed Gertrude, jumping up from her chair.

"Why, that trollop we sent off for not knowing how to keep her place," said Geneva, indignantly.

"You must be mistaken, surely."

"Indeed, and then I am not, Gertrude. The insolent thing looked at me with an impertinent grin, and made a motion as if she were going to speak, but I turned up my nose at her, the forward minx!"

"But what in the world is the meaning of her being in the street with Mr. Illerton?" asked Gertrude, greatly disconcerted.

"I've got my own thoughts about that," said Geneva. "I never had much opinion of him, and as for her, I don't believe she's too good for anything."

But this insinuation by no means quieted the feelings of Gertrude. A cloud settled upon her brow, and she sat, for some time, in gloomy silence.

"He needn't think to come here again, after having been seen in Market Street with a hired girl! I'll insult him if ever he sets his foot in this house, or speaks to me! I vow I will!" This last elegant expression for a lady's tongue was enunciated by Geneva with peculiar energy, while her face warmed with accumulating passion.

"Don't make yourself a fool about it, Geneva," responded Gertrude, testily, for she could not make up her mind to relinquish all hope of Illerton.

This direct thrust called into active play the unruly member of each of the young ladies, which continued for half an hour or more, until one of them was driven from the field.

There happened to be some unusual attraction at

Peale's Museum, in Holiday Street, on that same evening, and Gertrude and Geneva attended, accompanied by a couple of young storekeepers. The museum was well filled. Gertrude and Geneva were quite conspicuous by their loud laughing and talking, and their excessive show of finery. Excepting themselves, there were few who were not plainly attired, and few whose manners and carriage did not stamp them as superior.

"I declare, I never saw such a company of common people together in my life," remarked Geneva to her spruce attendant. "I should really think there were none here but journeymen mechanics' wives, if some of the men did not look so elegant. Now ain't that too common a looking body to be allowed admission here?" she continued, half aloud, indicating with a toss of her reticule a very plain but neatly-dressed lady, who was gracefully leaning upon the arm of a gentleman, and examining with him some beautiful entomological specimens.

"That lady!" replied her attendant, in a tone of surprise. "Why that is the accomplished Mrs. H——!"

"It can't be possible!" responded Geneva, incredulously.

"It is certainly none other, Miss Hardamer, for she is frequently in our store, and is every inch a lady. If pleasant manners, a perfect freedom from all affected airs, and a gentle and amiable disposition, are any indications of a lady, then is she one. I never see her in the store that I do not find my admiration of her character increasing."

The young man spoke with warmth, and Geneva was silent for a short time, and seemed offended.

"If there ain't Mr. Illerton, with that sweet girl on his arm again!" exclaimed Gertrude's young companion, thrown off his guard in his admiration of the face and form of Anne Earnest. "I wonder who she can be? As I live, the other lady on his arm is the rich and accomplished widow of the late Mr. Webster!"

While yet addressing his companion, Illerton, with the two ladies, advanced toward the lady and gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. H——, just mentioned as examining a case of entomological preparations, and, after a friendly greeting between them, Anne was introduced, and received with a cordial smile from Mr. H——, and a warm pressure of the hand and a welcome word from his lady.

Upon all this both Gertrude and Geneva looked with the liveliest astonishment and chagrin. The former was, however, speedily aroused from her state of surprise by her companion, who again said: "I wonder who she can be?"

"I can tell you," said Gertrude, with a sneer upon her lip.

"Who is she, then?—for I should like of all things to know."

"Why, she is no other than our cast-off hired girl," replied Gertrude, maliciously.

"Impossible!" said the young man.

"I tell you it is possible," said Gertrude, in a low

but excited tone; "and her name is Anne Earnest. We turned her out of the house for improper conduct. She's an artful, insinuating piece of goods, and has no doubt imposed upon Mrs. Webster, who will get herself into trouble with her." All this was uttered in a tone expressive of the strongest dislike and enmity toward Anne.

Just at this moment Anne turned her face toward them, and the young man read its pure and lovely expression.

"You must be in error, surely," he said. "An evil mind could never give so innocent an expression as that now beaming upon her face!"

"Let me show you some of these beautiful specimens, Miss Earnest," said Mrs. H—— at this moment, in a voice distinctly heard by both Gertrude and her companion; and placing the arm she had disengaged from that of her husband at the moment of introduction within that of Anne, she drew her toward the case of insects, and was soon busy in pointing out to her the rarest and most beautiful.

"So you see that I know her!" said Gertrude, with an expression of contempt.

The young man was silent, for he could not understand it. From that moment, it so happened that neither Gertrude nor Geneva could go in any direction without being thrown near Illerton and Anne, and finding the latter in familiar association with those in the best society. Mortified and irritated, they left the museum at an early hour, and returned home.

"I shall go crazy!" exclaimed Ike, bounding into the garret on the same night, and turning three or four summersaults on and off of his bed. "I've seen enough to last me for a year!—ha! ha! ha!—whoop! hold me, Tom, or I shall die!"

"You're crazy already, I believe! But what in the name of old Clute is the matter, Ike? Come, out with it!" said Tom.

"Give me half an hour to breathe in, Tom!"

"Nonsense! What is in the wind?"

"I'm afraid it will kill me!" exclaimed Ike, again giving way to a loud explosion of laughter, and rolling from side to side of the bed upon which he had thrown himself.

"Don't be a fool, Ike!" broke in Bill, impatiently.

"Let us hear what all this is about."

"Well, I'll try and tell you," said Ike, rising up, and endeavoring to command himself; "but you must let me laugh every now and then, or I shall burst. I went to the museum to-night, and lo! and behold! our beauties down-stairs were there, all dressed up to kill, with a couple of counter jumpers dangling at their elbows. Didn't they cut a swath, though! They couldn't see me, no how. But there was somebody else there, too; and who do you think it was? Why, Anne Earnest, with her sweet face, looking more beautiful than ever; and she was hanging on the arm of Mr. Illerton, who was all attention to her!"

"You must be joking, Ike," said Tom, incredulously.

"No, I'm not, though I'm in dead earnest!"

"And did our living beauties see them?"

"See them! Of course they did."

"And how did they take it? Do say, Ike!"

"Just wait a bit, till I get that far, will you? And there was somebody else along with them, too—Mrs. Webster, the rich lady that she lives with; and she would lean forward toward Anne, every now and then, so kind; and look her in the face when she was speaking, with an expression that said, as plain as words, 'But you are a dear, good girl, Anne, and I love you!'"

"The devil!" ejaculated Bill.

"It's all as true as death, boys! And that ain't all! Mrs. Webster, you know, is tip-top here, and she would lean forward toward Anne, every now and then, so kind; and look her in the face when she was speaking, with an expression that said, as plain as words, 'But you are a dear, good girl, Anne, and I love you!'"

"Oh, but that is good!" exclaimed Tom.

"If you'd only seen the grand Mrs. H——," continued Ike, "draw her arm through Anne's, and walk about the museum with her, showing her all the pretty things; and then 'a' seen how struck down in the mouth Gertrude was, and how mad Genevra looked, it would have been something to remember as long as you live. I wouldn't have begrudged five dollars to have seen the show."

"That is elegant!" said Bill.

"I never saw anybody so cut," continued Ike. "They were all down in the mouth. And wasn't I glad to see it!"

"Did Anne see you?" asked Tom.

"Once—but I kept out of her way."

"Did she speak to you?" said Bill.

"I wasn't very near; but when she saw me she nodded her head, and smiled so sweetly. It wa'n't a sneaking nod and a stolen smile, but all earnest and above board."

"It is the best thing that has ever happened!" said Tom. "Our old Queen of Sheba, you know, boys, goes her death on people's finding their level, and keeping it," remarked Ike. "Anne's found her level at last, and I should like to know how many miles it is above the platform upon which she and her young jay-birds stand."

"It's so high that they'll never reach it, that's certain," said Bill.

So excited were the boys that they sat up until after one o'clock talking over the matter. About this time they were attracted by a sudden burst of music in the street.

"Somebody's serenading our girls, as sure as I'm alive!" said Ike, jumping up and going to the window.

"It seems that all the fools ain't dead yet," quietly remarked Tom, rising more slowly, and taking his station alongside of Ike.

"It's as free for us as for anybody, that's one consolation," added Bill, crowding in between his two worthy associates.

"That's too good music for them," said Ike, after they had all listened, in silence, to a well-played air on three or four instruments; "too good, by half! I could do the business in the right style for them."

"You? Why, you can't play?" said Bill.

"Can't I?" responded Ike. "You've forgotten the sweet music I discoursed for them one night on the lapstone."

"True; true! I *had* forgotten that," said Bill.

"Suppose, Ike, we give 'em a touch one of these dark nights, any how. We could do it, couldn't we?"

"To a charm!" replied Ike, slapping the last speaker upon the shoulder. "That's a grand idea, Bill. Why didn't we think of it before?"

"What instrument can you play on, Ike?" asked Bill.

"Me! Why, I'm hard to beat with the brush and scraper. I used to practise with the chimney-sweeps when I was only knee-high to a duck. I got so I could play almost any tune. Dick, up the alley, will lend me his instruments; and then I'll do my part in all sorts of style. But what can you play on, Bill?"

"I've no particular skill in this way; but I think I could manage to do a little on the old saw, with a good new file."

"Capital! But what are you worth, Tom?—are you at all musical?"

In answer to this, the garret was filled with the gruntings of a hog and the squealing of pigs in swinish accompaniment.

"You see I can do a little in the line," remarked Tom, quietly, as the discordant, ear-piercing noise subsided.

"So I should think. You shall lead the orchestra, Tom. But three of us won't make a full band. How shall we fill the vacancies? We want, at least, double our number."

"Leave that to me," said Bill. "I am acquainted with several amateurs, who will cheerfully lend us their valuable aid. For instance, there is Tom Dunn, who is quite *catagorical*, as they say; and Sandy Patterson, who, as a living trombone, is superior to any bloody-noun I ever heard in Stricker's dam. John Neal is a dabster on the conch; and, if others are wanted, I can count three or four more."

"The fuller the band, the better," responded Ike.

"If a good large bull-dog would add anything to the harmony of the music, Sam Miller can bark to any tune."

"Prime, now ain't it?" said Ike, wargly. "When shall we do the thing?"

"The sooner the better," replied Tom.

"Let it be some dark night, about one o'clock, then," said Ike.

"Agreed!" responded the two associates.

The serenade being arranged, the boys retired to bed; but it was a long time before their senses were locked in sleep, for their minds were too actively occupied with their intended exhibition of musical skill.

In about a week they had everything ready to begin. The night was dark and cloudy, and in every

way favorable for the new serenade. They had found four boys besides themselves, as ripe for fun and frolic as they were. To avoid suspicion, our three chaps went up-stairs, talking loud enough to be heard, at ten o'clock, the usual hour of retiring. In the garret they made a clatter of shoes, etc., and then threw themselves upon the beds and rolled about there, that the noise of the rickety bedsteads might be distinctly heard below. It was twelve before they thought it safe to descend from their attic, which was accomplished in a way peculiar to themselves. A long back building was connected with the main building, and from this they could descend to a lower range, connecting with the house below; and from this again to a high wall shutting in the yard of that house from an alley that ran immediately in the rear. In this way they could readily get out and in, without any suspicion being excited in the family, and in this way the three companions in mischief escaped from the house.

Joining their four associates, all armed with their several instruments of music, they held a consultation, and after arranging all preliminaries, and being certain, from his warning cry to all rogues and mischief plotters, that the watchman was making the best of his way to the other end of his beat, and would not pass there again for the next hour, they stole quietly around in front, and arranged themselves before the house. It was by this time nigh on to one o'clock, and as it was a very dark and cloudy night, there were no persons in the street.

"One at a time, to prepare for the full chorus of instruments," said Ike. "Strike up, Tom!"

Instantly the air was filled with a combination of grunting and squealing, that seemed to come from half a dozen alarmed swinish mothers and their hungry offspring. Then came half a dozen musical sounds from Ike's brush and scraper, clear and distinct.

"Now, Bill!" said the leader.

And Bill's saw and file set every dog's teeth in the whole neighborhood on edge, and waked them up just enough to answer promptly Sam Miller's real bull-dog bark, that was responded to by Tom Dunn in a caterwaul, that seemed like the dying confession of some old roof-scrambler.

"Bloody noun! bloody-noun! bloody-noun! chip!" rose clear and full, as the last note of feline distress died away in the distance. This was succeeded by three or four blasts from John Neal's conch shell.

Bill's new-fangled violin, as he called it, startled every sleeper in the house, and before the final blast on the conch, preparatory to the full chorus, several windows were thrown open, and half a dozen old and young Hardamers were straining their eyes into the darkness.

"Now give it to 'em, free and easy, boys!" said Ike, and away they went, making a most diabolical combination of sounds. Clear and distinct above the whole, and at regular intervals, would come in "bloody noun! bloody-noun!" always accompanied with the deep-toned bull-dog bark, and winding off

with a most ear-piercing feline scream. Steadily, and with a most unmusical, nerve-thrilling screech, did Bill work away upon his old saw, but by all his efforts he could not drown the ringing noise of Ike's brush and scraper. For full ten minutes they continued their serenade, without a moment's cessation. At the end of that time, Hardamer sallied out of his front door, armed with an old musket. This apparition brought on the *finale*, and then there was a separation, in different ways, of the whole band of serenaders, who scampered off in double quick time.

Hurrying around the square and up the alley, as fast as they could, our three young rebels scrambled up the roofs of the different houses, in their way to their garret, and made an entrance there in three minutes from the time Hardamer had dispersed the band. Rapidly disrobing themselves, they beat a quick retreat to bed, and were, to all appearances, sound asleep, when their master, whose suspicions had been aroused, came up into the garret. His finding them all stowed snugly away puzzled him a good deal, but their presence there was conclusive of their innocence, and so he withdrew without a word.

"Old Lignumvite was just too late," whispered Ike.

"We've made a narrow escape, I'm thinking," said Tom.

"Wouldn't we have had a tea-party, though, if old Lignumvite'd got here before us?" added Bill. "He'd never forgiven that. But I wonder how the Misses Hardamer were pleased? I hope they didn't faint under the operation."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHANGES OF A YEAR.

WE change the scene now to a farm-house in Virginia. It is small and neat, and stands on a slight eminence, overlooking on either side a well-cultivated farm of some five hundred acres. A negro quarter stands at the distance of about a hundred yards, in and about which are a dozen blacks—men, women and children. An elderly man is walking backward and forward before the door of the dwelling, in the cool of the evening, and by his side is a young man, in earnest conversation with him. Sometimes the elder of the two walks forward rapidly, and sometimes pauses and looks into the face of his companion with an expression of painful surprise. Both are dressed in the ordinary, coarse, everyday clothing of working farmers. Let us approach them. The old man is speaking.

"How could you keep this so long from us, William?"

"I have not had the heart to mention it, father. My wrong-doings so distressed you, that I dared not mention this, until an oppressing sense of duty has forced from me the unwilling confession."

"And you have not heard from her during all the past year?"

"Never once. I left her without even an intimation of my intention to go away. She knows not

whether I am dead or alive. And I am as ignorant of her condition."

"Oh, my son! how could you find it in your heart to act thus?"

"No one knows, father, how far from right principles he may be led, until he begins to allow his feet to diverge from the ways of rectitude. I wasted the money your labor procured for me; became involved in debt, and married to obtain money to extricate myself from my difficulties. The father of my wife, displeased with our marriage, which was a secret one, would have nothing to do with us; and, heartily disliking the woman I had married, I left her to her fate. No doubt her father received her as soon as he was sure I had left the city."

"Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated the old man, clasping his hands, and lifting his eyes upward.

"It was a wicked thing, father," responded the young man, in a subdued tone; "but, if not too late, I would gladly retrace some of my steps."

"It is never too late, my son, to make the effort to repair our wrong-doings. You must go at once to Baltimore, and bring home your wife."

"That is just what I wish to do. I cannot say that I ever had any affection for her; but duty, now, must take the place of love."

"Under any circumstances, we must do our duty," said the father. "I'm afraid this will almost break your mother's heart. In all your wandering from right, she never thought you capable of such an act. But I must break it to her this evening, for to-morrow you must leave for Baltimore. Not a day should be lost, for no one can tell what a day my bring forth."

Both now entered the house, and the mother met them at the door. Her eye had often turned toward them from the window with an expression of concern, while they walked before the house, for she saw that they were conversing on some subject of painful interest; and now she looked into each face with a glance of earnest inquiry. The young man could not withstand that look, for the tears filled his eyes, and he passed her hurriedly.

"Let me know all, John," said the mother, looking into her husband's face with an appealing expression. "It is better that I should know all."

"Perhaps it is," said the old man. "Our William married more than a year ago, and deserted his young wife in a few weeks."

"Father of mercies!" she ejaculated, in a low, subdued tone of voice, lifting upward her aged eyes, and clasping her hands together. The young man saw the movement from the adjoining room, and understood its meaning too well. Covering his face with his hands, he leaned against the wall and groaned aloud. That groan of deep and heart-aching distress reached the mother's ears, and turned the tide of her feelings. Instantly she went in to him, and taking his hand, said, in a broken voice, while the tears rained down her time-furrowed cheeks, "My son, the past cannot be recalled; but the present must do all that can be done to atone for the

past. Who, or what is the woman you have married?"

"Not such a woman as I ought to have made the daughter of so good a mother. But, she is respectable, moves in good society, and her father is rich."

"Then, William, how could you desert her?"

"Because I married her like a villain—only for her money. Failing to get that from her prudent old father, who was displeased at the marriage, I left her."

"Oh, my son!" replied his mother, greatly moved, "what a world of trouble have you brought upon yourself. But, I trust it is not yet too late to repair, in some degree, the injury you have done. You must go for her, and bring her home, if she will return with you."

"That is just what I wish to do. But you will not find her, I fear, all that you could wish. She is the eldest of three grown-up sisters, who have been raised in idleness, are poorly educated in anything substantial, and full of false notions. They are proud and envious, and, of course, weak-minded."

"Let us hope that a year of painful disappointment may have greatly changed her. Troubles do wonders for us sometimes."

"True, mother, for I am a living witness of their efficacy."

"I think your father should go with you. You have deceived the family once, and her father would act wisely to put no further confidence in you," said the mother.

"She is right," responded the father. "But I cannot be ready for several days."

"Then I had better wait, father, for I fear to go alone, lest she refuses to return with me."

The reader, of course, recognizes in this family that of Anderson, who married Genevieve Hardamer. He had gone off to the South, and his money very soon becoming exhausted, he joined a club of gamblers, and lived upon the dishonest gains of his craft, for six or seven months, when he was taken down with a Southern fever. From this he recovered after great and protracted suffering, a changed man; at least, so far as intention was concerned. He immediately returned home, and joined his father in the honest toil of a farmer. Gradually his better feelings gained strength, and he continued to bring out into action what he saw to be right, at the same time steadily resisting his strong desires. Finally, he saw it to be his duty to return to his wife, and, acting out the principle of obedience, he made known to his father the painful secret that was weighing upon his mind.

A single year will often work wonderful changes.

We have advanced the reader a full twelvemonth in the history of Anderson—let us go back and bring up the rest of our characters.

The novel serenade which had been given for the benefit of Misses Gertrude and Genevra did not fall upon their ears alone. A knowledge of the circumstance spread, and soon became known far and near as an excellent piece of fun. Nor did they escape

the annoyance of its being known, for there are always in society those who delight in telling unpleasant news, and several of these individuals were among the young ladies' acquaintances, and took especial pains to let them know all that was said about it in connection with their names. The mortification was to them a terrible one.

Gertrude insisted upon it that Tom was one of the company, for it was a well-known fact, she urged, that he could imitate the squealing of pigs to perfection.

"That may all be true enough," her father would reply, who had his own suspicions and his own reasons for not wishing them confirmed; "but I found Tom in bed when I went up into the garret directly after. How could he have been there and in the street at the same time?"

"But Millie says," she replied, one day, after this oft-repeated answer, "that Tom and the other boys are out until twelve o'clock almost every night, and that they climb up on the roof of the back building, and get into the garret-window when they come home. I have no doubt but that he came in that way after his outrageous conduct, and got into bed before you thought of going into the garret."

"Does Milly say that?" asked her father, quickly.

"Yes, indeed, she does."

"Call her up!" he said.

Millie soon made her appearance.

"Did you say that the boys were out almost every night until twelve and one o'clock, and that they get in by climbing up over the back building?" said Hardamer, sternly.

Millie looked at Gertrude and hesitated.

"Do you hear, you black wench?" he said, angrily.

"I b'lieve er did say so," replied Millie.

"You believe you did! Don't you know that you did, ha?"

"P'raps I did. But I only thought so," said Millie, who had no wish to become an informer against the boys.

"What right had you to think so, ha?" said her master.

"I d'no, sir," responded Millie, with a most silly expression and tone.

"Clear out into the kitchen, you stupid hussy, you!" said Hardamer, in a loud, passionate voice, assuming, at the same time, a threatening attitude.

Millie retreated in confusion to her own part of the house.

"I don't make anything out of this," resumed Hardamer; "but I'll catch 'em at their capers, if they cut any."

And so saying, he went down-stairs into the shop. It was just about half-past three o'clock, and as he entered the back door a notary entered the front door of his shop, and presented him with a protest. It was a note of five thousand dollars, which he had indorsed for a large shoe-dealer up-town, and was the first of five, all of which would mature in the course of the next sixty days.

"Have you heard the news?" asked a neighbor, stepping in at the moment. "Mr. —, the large shoe-dealer, has failed; and it is said to be a desperate bad one, too. He won't be able to pay over fifty cents in the dollar."

"Then I'm a ruined man!" exclaimed Hardamer, sinking back upon a chair.

The rumor was too true. Within the next two months Hardamer's property was thrown into market, and forced sales effected at ruinous prices. His credit was saved, but it was at the expense of nearly all he was worth. Common estimation had named his property far above its real value. His daughters had looked upon it as almost inexhaustible. But a loss of twenty-five thousand dollars, or rather, a sacrifice of property, valued at forty thousand dollars, took nearly everything he was worth.

To be thrown back thus, at his age, with a large family, tended in no degree to soothe a temper naturally overbearing and irritable. All he now had left was the house in which was his shop and dwelling, his stock of boots, shoes, leather, etc., and about one thousand dollars in turnpike-road stock, twenty per cent. below par. To this scrip he had been holding on for the last three years, in hopes that it would rise to par, but now a pressing demand for money in his business required him to sell, just as there was some indication of an improvement—and eight hundred dollars were received for what originally cost him one thousand.

Before selling, however, he made an effort to raise a few hundred dollars, in hopes that the stock would go up speedily. Waiting upon an old friend, between whom and himself had passed numerous business favors during the ten years previous, he asked him for the loan of a note of five hundred dollars.

"H-h-hem, Mr. Hardamer! What sec—" and the old friend paused as if unwilling to utter the word.

"Security, did you mean to say, sir?" asked Hardamer, his face flushed and his eyes sparkling.

"Ye-ye-yes, Mr. Hardamer, that is what I meant to say. Things have changed a little of late. We have to be cautious, you know."

"I want to know, sir, if you mean to say, that because I am unfortunate, I am no longer honest?" said Hardamer, placing himself before his old friend, and looking him fiercely in the face.

"No, I did not mean to say any such thing," he replied, much embarrassed. "But you are too sensitive; you cannot, reasonably, expect to get favors, now you are reduced, such as were readily extended to you before the failure that stripped you of nearly everything."

Hardamer looked him a moment in the face with a strong expression of contempt, and turning upon his heel, left the store without uttering a word in reply.

Returning to his shop, he determined to sell his scrip at once. But the necessity for losing two hundred dollars on it, was by no means a pleasant idea, and he finally concluded to wait upon a certain in-

dividual who could always procure a loan, on good security, for a consideration.

"I want five hundred dollars," said Hardamer, entering the office of this certain individual, in the neighborhood of the Exchange.

"I don't know what to say, Mr. Hardamer; money's dreadful tight just now," replied the broker, who knew the real strength of every business man in town.

"Well, what if it is tight?" said the applicant, pettishly; "I've good security to offer."

"Whose note is it?" asked the broker, in an indifferent tone.

"It's to be my own note, with collateral in the shape of ten shares of — Turnpike Road Stock."

"That stock's poor stuff!" remarked the broker, in a calm, indifferent tone.

"It is worth eighty dollars now, and is rising," said Hardamer.

"You couldn't force a sale at seventy," replied the broker.

"Why, it's quoted at eighty-one this morning."

The broker compressed his lips, turned up his nasal protuberance a little, and gave his head a knowing toss.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Hardamer, a little irritated.

"It's all a gull!" said the broker. "There isn't a particle of rise—in fact, the market has a downward tendency."

"Well, up or down, Mr. Centum, will you lend me five hundred dollars for sixty days on this security?" said Hardamer, decidedly.

"I'm afraid of it," replied Mr. Centum.

"Then I must bid you good-morning," said Hardamer, rising.

As he was about leaving the door, the broker, who had walked out with him, remarked, in a quiet, careless tone, that he knew a man who might, probably, loan on it; and that if he was particularly in want of the money, he would try and make the negotiation for him as a personal favor.

The bait took. Hardamer expressed his gratitude for the kind offer, and promised to call in an hour. In an hour he was again at the office of Mr. Centum.

"Well, what was the result of your application?" he asked, with evident anxiety.

"He didn't seem much inclined," replied the broker, coldly. "Has no confidence in the security."

"Why, I am sure the security is safe and ample."

"You may think so, but he don't," replied Mr. Centum. "However, I saw an old chap who does things in this line whenever he can make a good operation. He's willing to make the loan, but I'm afraid the terms are too hard. The old fellow hasn't much conscience left."

"Well, what does he ask?" inquired Hardamer, with nervous impatience.

"I almost hate to name it," said the broker. "He offers to let you have four hundred and fifty dollars for sixty days, for your note of five hundred dollars, secured by a provisional transfer of the stock."

"That's five per cent. a month! You are not in earnest, certainly!" exclaimed Hardamer, in indignant astonishment.

"Yes, I am, I do assure you. That is the best I can do for you; but it is a ruinous discount," said Mr. Centum, sympathizingly.

"I'll sell my stock first!" responded Hardamer, warmly. "I'm not going to be swindled in that way!"

"Perhaps, in the course of to-morrow, I might be able to do something better for you," said the broker, who found that he had attempted to go rather too deep into his customer.

On the next day Hardamer called on him again.

"Do things look any brighter to-day?" he said, putting on as cheerful a countenance as possible.

"I've seen several persons since yesterday," replied Mr. Centum, "and the best I can do for you is four per cent. a month, besides my commissions."

Hardamer turned on his heel and left the office. That day he sold his stock for eight hundred dollars. The money realized on this sale was soon exhausted in the payment of sundry regular business notes. Others were still out. To meet these now became a serious matter, for, although his business continued good, his expenses were very heavy, causing a constant and large drain of money. His ledger showed a fair balance of "good accounts;" but every tradesman knows how much to calculate upon "good accounts" in a time of need.

It was about two months from the time of his first interview with the broker, that Hardamer found the due-day of a note drawn for three hundred dollars approaching with unwelcome rapidity. All that he could do in the way of pushing collections among his numerous good customers, availed but little in making up the desired amount. His attempt to borrow a note from an old business friend had convinced him that his fair reputation had departed with his money, and his proud spirit turned from the idea of again asking a favor of any one, and running the risk of refusal and insult. But time rolled on, even until the day of payment, and he was still short about one hundred and fifty dollars. All attempts to force collections farther for that day were abandoned about twelve o'clock, and still the amount wanted was no less. Having always managed his business with great prudence, he had rarely been required to raise funds when a note fell due, and in the few instances that it had occurred he was at no loss to find plenty of persons to accommodate him. Of course he was now in a state of great uneasiness. Restless and excited, he paced the narrow avenue behind his counter, backward and forward, laboring in thought for some expedient by which he could rescue his note from its threatened danger. Suddenly pausing, he leaned upon the counter, with his head between his hands, and remained in that position for nearly ten minutes.

"It must be done!" he said, in a low, sad voice; and turning to his desk, he drew a check for one hundred and seventy dollars, dated fifteen days

ahead, and putting it into his pocket-book, went out, and proceeded to the office of Mr. Centum.

That individual he found sitting in his office, with his legs upon the table, and a newspaper held before his face, as if reading; but his eyes were with his thoughts, and they had more to do with the omnipotent dollar than with the news of the day.

"How are you to-day, Hardamer?" he said, with an air of importance, not even rising from his chair, or changing his position.

"Pretty well, I thank you," replied Hardamer, somewhat meekly. "Can you do anything with this for me?" presenting his check.

The broker looked at it a moment, and shook his head.

"I'm afraid not," he said, indifferently. "If it was a good business note, I could get it done for you easily, at the rate of two per cent. a month. But people are afraid of checks. Besides, you know, your credit is not what it used to be. There was a time when anything with your name on it was as good as gold; but now it is very different. Do you want the money badly?"

"Indeed, I do!" replied Hardamer, earnestly. "If I don't get it before three it'll be all over with me."

This communication was particularly gratifying to the broker.

"Don't you think you can get it for me?" asked Hardamer, appealingly. "You don't know how much you will oblige me!"

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," replied Mr. Centum. "But I am somewhat doubtful. I am willing to try, however, and will do my best. Leave me the check, and call at half-past one."

"I will be here to the minute," said Hardamer, handing over the check. "Do your very best to get it for me, Mr. Centum."

"I will, most certainly. Good-morning, Mr. Hardamer."

As soon as his intended victim had departed, the broker took from the drawer a long, narrow piece of paper, dated upon that day, upon which were two columns of figures and a column of names. The names indicated the drawers or indorsers of notes; the first column the "face" of the notes, and the last column the amount of "shave," or usurious interest, obtained upon them. Without hesitation, he added the name of Hardamer, entered the check, one hundred and seventy dollars, fifteen days, and in the last column extended ten dollars. Then, running up this last column rapidly, he ascertained its amount to be fifty dollars.

"Pretty fair, that, by twelve o'clock!" he soliloquized; "forty of it in hand, and old Hardamer's as sure as if I had it in my fingers. Let me see how my bank account holds out."

Turning to his check-book, he entered the last check on the margin, and subtracting it from the preceding amount, closed the book with a smile of satisfaction.

"Twenty thousand all safe!" he said, musingly, "and five thousand sure to be paid in before three

o'clock. I shall be flush to-morrow. Old Hardamer's getting into trouble; but he's honest to the back-bone, and owns the property he occupies, all in fee simple. He'd sell his coat before he'd wrong any one out of a dollar. I must keep my eye on him. If I manage him rightly, he'll be worth to me a cool thousand, before he's all done for. I must turn him round gently until I get him completely into my power, and then go it on him strong. It takes me to do the thing neatly!" and he laughed to himself, with a low, peculiar, chuckling laugh.

At half-past one precisely, Hardamer entered the broker's office. Just five minutes before that time Mr. Centum stepped out, and circling the square at a quick pace, returned as Hardamer entered.

"Well, what's the word?" asked Hardamer, affecting an air of indifference, while his heart beat violently, and he felt a slight tremor all over.

"I've been running about ever since for you," said the broker, panting as naturally, and wiping off the perspiration as earnestly as if he were in a great heat from over-exertion and fatigue, "and found a man at last who has a little money by him. He says he will do it for you. He was somewhat fearful at first, but I told him you were as good as gold, and honest to the back-bone."

"Thank you! thank you!" responded Hardamer, warmly. "How much did he charge?"

"Ten dollars. It's a good deal, I know; but the man who took it never will enter into any operation for less than ten dollars. I can't charge my commission on this—it would be too hard upon you."

"I can do no better now, of course," said Hardamer, who gladly accepted of one hundred and sixty dollars for his check, although the rate of discount was over one hundred per cent. per annum. Still, it was only a single transaction, and the loss was but ten dollars. "And who wouldn't sacrifice ten dollars," he said to himself, as he walked toward the bank, "to have his note safely out, and his mind at ease."

(To be continued.)

OCCUPATION.—What a glorious thing for the human heart! Those who work hard seldom yield to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own fears, weaving the dim shadow that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When trouble flows upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves, and wrestle not with the torrent, rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threatened to overwhelm you with a thousand channels, which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers, that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is that man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow-man.

THE POLICY DRUNKARD.

FROM "CAST ADRIFT," BY T. S. ARTHUR.

ON leaving the room of this professional receiver of stolen goods, Pinky and her friend descended to the second story, and by a door which had been cut through into the adjoining property passed to the rear building of the house next door. They found themselves on a landing, or little square hall, with a stairway passing down to the lower story and another leading to the room above. A number of persons were going up and coming down—a forlorn set, for the most part, of all sexes, ages and colors. Those who were going up appeared eager and hopeful, while those who were coming down looked disappointed, sorrowful, angry or desperate. There was a "policy-shop" in one of the rooms above, and these were some of its miserable customers. It was the hour when the morning drawings of the lotteries were received at the office, or "shop," and the poor infatuated dupes who had bet on their favorite "rows" were crowding in to learn the result.

Poor old men and women in scant or wretched clothing, young girls with faces marred by evil, blotched and bloated creatures of both sexes, with little that was human in their countenances, except the bare features, boys and girls not yet in their teens, but old in vice and crime, and drunkards with shaking nerves,—all these were going up in hope and coming down in disappointment. Here and there was one of a different quality, a scantily-dressed woman with a thin, wasted face and hollow eyes, who had been fighting the wolf and keeping fast hold of her integrity, or a tender, innocent-looking girl, the messenger of a weak and shiftless mother, or a pale, bright-eyed boy whose much-worn but clean and well-kept garments gave sad evidence of a home out of which prop and stay had been removed. The strong and the weak, the pure and the defiled, were there. A poor washerwoman who in a moment of weakness has pawned the garments entrusted to her care, that she might venture upon a "row" of which she had dreamed, comes shrinking down with a pale, frightened face, and the bitterness of despair in her heart. She has lost. What then? She has no friend from whom she can borrow enough money to redeem the clothing, and if it is not taken home, she may be arrested as a thief and sent to prison. She goes away, and temptation lies close at her feet. It is her extremity and the evil one's opportunity. So far she has kept herself pure, but the disgrace of a public prosecution and a sentence to prison are terrible things to contemplate. She is in peril of her soul. God help her!

Who is this dressed in rusty black garments and closely veiled, who comes up from the restaurant, one of the convenient and unsuspected entrances to this robber's den?—for a "policy-shop" is simply a robbery shop, and is so regarded by the law, which sets a penalty upon the "writer" and the "backer"

as upon other criminals. But who is this veiled woman in faded mourning garments who comes gliding as noiselessly as a ghost out from one of the rooms of the restaurant, and along the narrow entry leading to the stairway, now so thronged with visitors? Every day she comes and goes, no one seeing her face, and every day, with rare exceptions, her step is slower and her form visibly more shrunken when she goes out than when she comes in. She is a broken-down gentlewoman, the widow of an officer, who left her at his death a moderate fortune, and quite sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of herself and two nearly grown-up daughters. But she had lived at the South, and there acquired a taste for lottery gambling. During her husband's lifetime she wasted considerable money in lottery tickets, once or twice drawing small prizes, but like all lottery dupes spending a hundred dollars for one gained. The thing had become a sort of mania with her. She thought so much of prizes and drawn numbers through the day that she dreamed of them all night. She had a memorandum-book in which were all the combinations she had ever heard of as taking prizes. It contained page after page of lucky numbers and fancy "rows," and was oftener in her hand than any other book.

There being no public sale of lottery tickets in Northern cities, this weak and infatuated woman found out where some of the "policy-shops" were kept, and instead of buying tickets, as before, risked her money on numbers that might or might not come out of the wheel in lotteries said to be drawn in certain Southern States, but chiefly in Kentucky. The numbers rarely if ever came out. The chances were too remote. After her husband's death she began fretting over the smallness of her income. It was not sufficient to give her daughters the advantages she desired them to have, and she knew of but one way to increase it. That way was through the policy-shops. So she gave her whole mind to this business, with as much earnestness and self-absorption as a merchant gives himself to trade. She had a dream-book, gotten up especially for policy buyers, and consulted it as regularly as a merchant does his price-current or a broker the sales of stock. Every day she bet on some "row" or series of "rows," rarely venturing less than five dollars, and sometimes, when she felt more than usually confident, laying down a twenty-dollar bill, for the "hit" when made gave from fifty to two hundred dollars for each dollar put down, varying according to the nature of the combinations. So the more faith a policy buyer had in his "row," the larger the venture he would feel inclined to make.

Usually it went all one way with the infatuated lady. Day after day she ventured, and day after day she lost, until from hundreds the sums she was

spending had aggregated themselves into thousands. She changed from one policy-shop to another, hoping for better luck. It was her business to find them out, and this she was able to do by questioning some of those whom she met at the shops. One of these was in a building on a principal street, the second story of which was occupied by a milliner. It was visited mostly by ladies, who could pass in from the street, no one suspecting their errand. Another was in the attic of a house in which were many offices and places of business, with people going in and coming out all the while, none but the initiated being in the secret; while another was to be found in the rear of a photograph gallery. Every day and often twice a day, as punctually as any man of business, did this lady make her calls at one and another of these policy-offices to get the drawings or make new ventures. At remote intervals she would make a "hit"; once she drew twenty dollars, and once fifty. But for these small gains she had paid thousands of dollars.

After a "hit" the betting on numbers would be bolder. Once she selected what was known as a "lucky row," and determined to double on it until it came out a prize. She began by putting down fifty cents. On the next day she put down a dollar upon the same combination, losing, of course. Two dollars were ventured on the next day; and so she went on doubling, until, in her desperate infatuation, she doubled for the ninth time, putting down two hundred and fifty-six dollars.

If successful now, she would draw over twenty-five thousand dollars. There was no sleep for the poor lady during the night that followed. She walked the floor of her chamber in a state of intense nervous excitement, sometimes in a condition of high hope and confidence and sometimes haunted by demons of despair. She sold five shares of stock on which she had been receiving an annual dividend of ten per cent., in order to get funds for this desperate gambling venture, in which over five hundred dollars had now been absorbed.

Pale and nervous, she made her appearance at the breakfast-table on the next morning, unable to take a mouthful of food. It was in vain that her anxious daughters urged her to eat.

A little after twelve o'clock she was at the policy-office. The drawn numbers for the morning were already in. Her combination was 4, 10, 40. With an eagerness that could not be repressed, she caught up the slip of paper containing the thirteen numbers out of seventy-five, which purported to have been drawn that morning somewhere in "Kentucky," and reported by telegraph—caught it up with hands that shook so violently that she could not read the figures. She had to lay the piece of paper down upon the little counter before which she stood, in order that it might be still, so that she could read her fate.

The first drawn number was 4. What a wild leap her heart gave! The next was 24; the next 8; the next 70; the next 41, and the next 39. Her heart

grew almost still; the pressure as of a great hand was on her bosom. 10 came next. Two numbers of her row were out. A quiver of excitement ran through her frame. She caught up the paper, but it shook as before, so that she could not see the figures. Dashing it back upon the counter, and holding it down almost violently, she bent over, with eyes starting from their sockets, and read the line of figures to the end, then sank over upon the counter with a groan, and lay there half fainting and too weak to lift herself up. If the 40 had been there, she would have made a hit of twenty-five thousand dollars. But the 40 was not there, and this made all the difference.

"Once more," said the policy-dealer, in a tone of encouragement, as he bent over the miserable woman. "Yesterday, 4 came out; to-day, 4, 10; to-morrow will be the lucky chance; 4, 10, 40 will surely be drawn. I never knew this order to fail. If it had been 10 first, and then 4, 10, or 10, 4, I would not advise you to go on. But 4, 10, 40 will be drawn to-morrow as sure as fate."

"What numbers did you say? 4, 10, 40?" asked an old man, ragged and bloated, who came shuffling in as the last remark was made.

"Yes," answered the dealer. "This lady has been doubling, and as the chances go, her row is certain to make a hit to-morrow."

"Ha! What's the row? 4, 10, 40?"

"Yes."

The old man fumbled in his pocket, and brought out ten cents.

"I'll go that on the row. Give me a piece."

The dealer took a narrow slip of paper and wrote on it the date, the sum risked and the combination of figures, and handed it to the old man, saying, "Come here to-morrow; and if the bottom of the world doesn't drop out, you'll find ten dollars waiting for you."

Two or three others were in by this time, eager to look over the list of drawn numbers and to make new bets.

"Glory!" cried one of them, a vile-looking young woman, and she commenced dancing about the room.

All was excitement now. "A hit! a hit!" was cried. "How much? how much?" and they gathered to the little counter and desk of the policy-dealer.

"1, 2, 3," cried the girl, dancing about and waving her little slip of paper over her head. "I knew it would come—dreamed of them numbers three nights hand running! Hand over the money, old chap! Fifteen dollars for fifteen cents! That's the go!"

The policy-dealer took the girl's "piece," and after comparing it with the record of drawn numbers, said, in a pleased voice, "All right! A hit, sure enough. You're in luck to-day."

The girl took the money, that was promptly paid down, and as she counted it over, the dealer remarked, "There's a doubling game going on, and it's to be up to-morrow, sure."

"What's the row?" inquired the girl.

"4, 10, 40," said the dealer.

"Then count me in;" and she laid down five dollars on the counter.

"Take my advice and go ten," urged the policy-dealer.

"No, thank you! I shouldn't know what to do with more than five hundred dollars. I'll only go five dollars this time."

The "writer," as a policy-seller is called, took the money and gave the usual written slip of paper containing the selected numbers; loudly proclaiming her good luck, the girl then went away. She was an accomplice to whom a "piece" had been secretly given after the drawn numbers were in.

Of course this hit was the sensation of the day among the policy-buyers at that office, and brought in large gains.

The wretched woman who had just seen five hundred dollars vanish into nothing instead of becoming as under the wand of an enchanter, a great heap of gold, listened in a kind of maze to what passed around her—listened and let the tempter get to her ear again. She went away, stooping in her gait as one bearing a heavy burden. Before an hour had passed hope had lifted her again into confidence. She had to make but one venture more, to double on the risk of the day previous, and secure a fortune that would make both herself and her daughters independent for life.

Another sale of good stocks, another gambling venture and another loss, swelling the aggregate in this wild and hopeless "doubling" experiment to over a thousand dollars.

But she was not cured. As regularly as a drunkard goes to the bar went she to the policy-shops, every day her fortune growing less. Poverty began to pinch. The house in which she lived with her daughters was sold, and the unhappy family shrunk into a single room in a third-rate boarding-house. But their income soon became insufficient to meet the weekly demand for board. Long before this the daughters had sought for something to do by which to earn a little money. Pride struggled hard with them, but necessity was stronger than pride.

We finish the story in a few words. In a moment of weakness, with want and hard work staring her in the face, one of the daughters married a man who broke her heart and buried her in less than two years. The other, a weak and sickly girl, got a situation as day governess in the family of an old friend of her father's, where she was kindly treated, but she lived only a short time after her sister's death.

And still there was no abatement of the mother's infatuation. She was more than half insane on the subject of policy gambling, and confident of yet retrieving her fortunes.

At the time Pinky Swett and her friend in evil saw her come gliding up from the restaurant in faded mourning garments and closely veiled, she was living

alone in a small, meagrely-furnished room, and cooking her own food. Everything left to her at her husband's death was gone. She earned a dollar or two each week by making shirts and drawers for the slop-shops, spending every cent of this in policies. A few old friends who pitied her, but did not know of the vice in which she indulged, paid her rent and made occasional contributions for her support. All of these contributions, beyond the amount required for a very limited supply of food, went to the policy-shops. It was a mystery to her friends how she had managed to waste the handsome property left by her husband, but no one suspected the truth.

"Who's that, I wonder?" asked Nell Peter as the dark, closely-veiled figure glided past them on the stairs.

"Oh, she's a policy-drunkard," answered Pinky, loud enough to be heard by the woman, who, as if surprised or alarmed, stopped and turned her head, her veil falling partly away, and disclosing features so pale and wasted that she looked more like a ghost than living flesh and blood. There was a strange gleam in her eyes. She paused only for an instant, but her steps were slower as she went on climbing the steep and narrow stairs that led to the policy-office.

"Good gracious, Pinky! did you ever see such a face?" exclaimed Nell Peter. "It's a walking ghost, I should say, and no woman at all."

"Oh, I've seen lots of 'em," answered Pinky. "She's a policy-drunkard. Bad as drinking when it once gets hold of 'em. They tippie all the time, sell anything, beg, borrow, steal or starve themselves to get money to buy policies. She's one of 'em that's starving."

By this time they had reached the policy-office. It was in a small room on the third floor of the back building, yet as well known to the police of the district as if had been on the front street. One of these public guardians soon after his appointment through political influence, and while some wholesome sense of duty and moral responsibility yet remained, caused the "writer" in this particular office to be arrested. He thought that he had done a good thing, and looked for approval and encouragement. But to his surprise and chagrin he found that he had blundered. The case got no farther than the alderman's. Just how it was managed he did not know, but it was managed, and the business of the office went on as before.

A little light came to him soon after, on meeting a prominent politician to whom he was chiefly indebted for his appointment. Said this individual, with a look of warning and a threat in his voice, "See here, my good fellow; I'm told that you've been going out of your way and meddling with the policy-dealers. Take my advice, and mind your own business. If you don't, it will be all day with you. There isn't a man in town strong enough to fight this thing, so you'd better let it alone."

And he did let it alone. He had a wife and

three little children, and couldn't afford to lose his place. So he minded his own business, and let it alone.

Pinky and her friend entered this small third story back room. Behind a narrow, unpainted counter, having a desk at one end, stood a middle-aged man, with dark, restless eyes that rarely looked you in the face. He wore a thick but rather closely-cut beard and mustache. The police knew him very well; so did the criminal lawyers, when he happened to come in their way; so did the officials of two or three State prisons in which he had served out partial sentences. He was too valuable to political "rings" and associations antagonistic to moral and social well-being to be left idle in the cell of a penitentiary for the whole term of a commitment. Politicians have great influence, and governors are human.

On the walls of the room were pasted a few pictures cut from the illustrated papers, some of them portraits of leading politicians, and some of them portraits of noted pugilists and sporting men. The picture of a certain judge, who had made himself obnoxious to the fraternity of criminals by his severe

sentences, was turned upside down. There was neither table nor chair in the room.

The woman in black had passed in just before the girls, and was waiting her turn to examine the drawn numbers. She had not tasted food since the day before, having ventured her only dime on a policy, and was feeling strangely faint and bewildered. She did not have to wait long. It was the old story. Her combination had not come out, and she was starving. As she moved back toward the door she staggered a little. Pinky, who had become curious about her, noticed this, and watched her as she went out.

"It's about up with the old lady, I guess," she said to her companion, with an unfeeling laugh.

And she was right. On the next morning the poor old woman was found dead in her room, and those who prepared her for burial said that she was wasted to a skeleton. She had, in fact, starved herself in her infatuation, spending day after day in policies what she should have spent for food. Pinky's strange remark was but too true. She had become a policy-drunkard—a vice almost as disastrous in its effects as its kindred vice, intemperance, though less brutalizing and less openly indulged.

THE TURKISH BATH.

WE have always had a latent suspicion that a Turkish bath was not all that it pretends to be, and our impression gains some strength, from the testimony of two modern travellers who have given their personal experiences in relation thereto; the late Rev. Norman Macleod, in his charming book of travels, "Eastward;" and Mark Twain, in his "Innocents Abroad." There is a singular agreement in the two narratives. First, Mr. MACLEOD:

A Turkish bath seems to me to be a most fitting conclusion to sight-seeing like this, in such hot weather, too. I know not, as yet, what that institution may be in London, but having endeavored to enjoy the luxury in three places—Moscow, Cairo and Damascus—and all of them being much alike in their essential features, I frankly confess that I had no wish to try the experiment again in "foreign lands." The description of one—though I cannot quite separate in my memory some of the details of the Cairo and Damascus hot-water-and-soap establishments—will serve for all.

We inquired for the best bath in the city; and our intelligent guide, Hassan, the sheik of all donkey-boys about Shepherd's Hotel—a man who, from his intercourse with the English, is assumed to have some knowledge of Western civilization—assured us, as we were about to enter one of those boiler-houses, that it was the best in Cairo, where "all de lords Ingleso go." We bowed and entered. The outside looked very shabby. The first room was a large apartment with an uneven floor, flagged with stone-marble, of a sort, I believe. It wore a singularly

liquid look, and had about it a general air of hazy, foggy damp. Hanging from the roof were innumerable long sheets drying. One end of the room was elevated, and was reached by a few steps; and on this upper floor were a series of couches, seemingly very clean, on which the half-boiled bathers reclined, smoking narghiles, and radiating forth their heat into space, thereby producing dew. To this dais we were led, and requested to undress. The genius of the place appeared in the form of an old man, evaporated into skin and bone, with a solitary tuft of hair on his head, a wet towel round his loins, and his whole body dripping. I started when I saw him—I did not know why, unless I recognized in him the image of Father Time, as pictured in tracts and almanacs, but fortunately wanting the scythe. Delivering our valuables to a patriarchal individual who sat cross-legged in a corner, we were wrapped in a sheet and led out by Time, accompanied by Leap Year. We put on wooden shoes, and passed over heated, slippery stones into another apartment, which was so hot that one felt a tendency to become browned like a toast, or to bubble over the skin. This sensation subsided gradually into a pleasing, dewy evaporation. We were then conducted to a large open vat full of water, which to us had two objections: one was that it was intolerably hot, the other that it seemed already full of donkey-boys and their friends—the head of Hassan in their midst, grinning above the surface. But, inspired by a determination to go through all the horrors of this sudoriferous dew, we clenched our teeth, tried to imagine ourselves chimney-sweeps, and jumped in.

In due time, when sufficiently saturated, we were (though, perhaps, this happened at Damascus) put in a hot chamber and laid on the floor, with cockroaches, or what the Scotch call "clocks," crawling over it in dozens. There we lay, like turbot or cod about to be dressed for dinner.

By and by we were soaped from toe to head, lathed with soft palm-tree fibre, then had tepid, and afterward cold water poured over us, and then a monster began to crack our joints and shampoo us! He succeeded with my companion, who yelled, as the Egyptian, in fits of laughter, seemed to put every limb out of joint, and to dislocate his neck.

But when the same Pharaoh tried me, his arms fortunately could not meet around me, so after a violent struggle, in which I fought desperately and tumbled about on the floor like a salmon which a fisher tries in vain to seize around the body, he gave it up in despair, and, for the first time, probably, in his life, wiped his forehead from fatigue, as he exclaimed "Mushallah!" After sundry other minor appliances, having the same end in view—that of opening the pores of the skin—we returned to the apartment from whence we had originally started, and were there gently dried by a series of warm sheets being laid upon us. Hassan spread his carpet and said his prayers.

The sensation, after bathing, was very pleasant, no doubt, but not more so, nor calculated to do more good than what most cleanly disposed people experience daily from the application of hot and then cold water, accompanied by the well-known substance, soap, in their quiet bath-room at home.

Doubtless I felt light and elevated when I got out, but as pleasant feelings can surely be produced without being scrubbed like a pig, rubbed down like a horse, boiled like a turkey, exhibited like a newborn infant to the curious, and without having a donkey-driver for your C. B.!—all this with no other consolation than the assurance that the pores of your skin are open, forsooth—like the doors of a public institution! For my part, I prefer them closed—or, at least, ajar.

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And now MARK TWAIN:

For years and years I have dreamed of the wonders of the Turkish bath; for years and years I have promised myself that I would yet enjoy one. Many and many a time, in fancy, I have lain in the marble bath, and breathed the slumberous fragrance of Eastern spices that filled the air; then passed through a weird and complicated system of pulling and hauling, and drenching and scrubbing, by a gang of naked savages who loomed vast and vaguely through the steaming mists, like demons; then rested for a while on a divan fit for a king; then passed through another complex ordeal, and one more fearful than the first; and, finally, swathed in soft fabrics, being conveyed to a princely saloon and laid on a bed of eider down, where eunuchs, gorgeous of costume, fanned me while I drowsed and dreamed, or contentedly gazed at the rich hangings of the apartment,

the soft carpets, the sumptuous furniture, the pictures, and drank delicious coffee, smoked the soothing narghile, and dropped, at the last, in a tranquil repose, lulled by sensuous odors from unseen censers, by the gentle influence of the narghile's Persian tobacco, and by the music of fountains that counterfeited the pattering of summer rain.

That was the picture, just as I got it from incendiary books of travel. It was a poor, miserable imposture. The reality is no more like it than the Five Points are like the Garden of Eden.

They received me in a great court, paved with marble slabs; around it were broad galleries, one above another, carpeted with seedy matting, railed with unpainted balustrades, and furnished with huge rickety chairs, cushioned with rusty old mattresses, indented with the impressions left by the forms of nine successive generations of men who had reposed upon them. The place was vast, naked, dreary; its court a barn, its galleries stalls for human horses. The cadaverous, half-nude varlets that served in the establishment had nothing of poetry in their appearance, nothing of romance, nothing of Oriental splendor. They shed no entrancing odors—just the contrary. Their hungry eyes and their lank forms continually suggested one glaring, unsentimental fact—they wanted what they term in California "a square meal."

I went into one of the racks and undressed. An unclean starveling wrapped a gaudy table-cloth about his loins, and hung a white rag over my shoulders. If I had had a tub then, it would have come naturally to me to take in washing. I was then conducted down-stairs into the wet, slippery court, and the first thing that attracted my attention were my heels. My fall excited no comment. They expected it, no doubt. It belonged in the list of softening, sensuous influences peculiar to this home of Eastern luxury. It was softening enough, certainly, but its application was not happy. They now gave me a pair of wooden clogs—benches in miniature, with leather straps over them to confine my feet (which they would have done, only I do not wear No. 13s.) These things dangled uncomfortably by the straps when I lifted up my feet, and came down in awkward and unexpected places when I put them on the floor again, and sometimes turned sideways and wrenched my ankles out of joint. However, it was all Oriental luxury, and I did what I could to enjoy it.

They put me in another part of the barn and laid me on a stuffy sort of pallet, which was not made of cloth of gold, or Persian shawls, but was merely the unpretending sort of thing I have seen in the negro quarters of Arkansas.

There was nothing whatever in this dim marble prison but five more of these biers. It was a very solemn place. I expected that the spiced odors of Araby were going to steal over my senses now, but they did not. A copper-colored skeleton, with a rag around him, brought me a glass decanter of water with a lighted tobacco-pipe in the top of it, and a

plant stem a yard long, with a brass mouth piece to it. It was the famous "narghile" of the East—the thing the Grand Turk smokes in the pictures. This began to look like luxury. I took one blast at it, and it was sufficient; the smoke went in a great volume down into my stomach, my lungs, even into the uttermost parts of my frame. I exploded one mighty cough, and it was as if Vesuvius had let go. For the next five minutes I smoked at every pore, like a frame house that is on fire on the inside. Not any more narghile for me. The smoke had a vile taste, and the taste of a thousand infidel tongues that remained on that brass mouth-piece was viler still. I was getting discouraged. Whenever, hereafter, I see the cross-legged Grand Turk smoking his narghile, in pretended bliss, on the outside of a paper of Connecticut tobacco, I shall know him for the shameless humbug he is.

This prison was filled with hot air. When I had got warmed up sufficiently to prepare me for a still warmer temperature, they took me where it was—into a marble room, wet, slippery and steamy, and laid me out on a raised platform in the centre. It was very warm. Presently my man set me down by a tank of hot water, drenched me well, gloved his hand with a coarse mitten, and began to polish me all over with it. I began to smell disagreeably. The more he polished the worse I smelt. It was alarming. I said to him: "I perceive that I am pretty far gone. It is plain that I ought to be buried without any unnecessary delay. Perhaps you had better go after my friends at once, because the weather is warm, and I cannot 'keep long.'"

He went on scrubbing, and paid no attention. I soon saw that he was reducing my size. He bore hard on his mitten, and from under it rolled little cylinders, like macaroni. It could not be dirt, for it was too white. He pared me down in this way for a long time. Finally I said: "It is a tedious process. It will take hours to trim me to the size you want me; I will wait; go and borrow a jack-plane."

He paid no attention at all.

After awhile he brought a basin, some soap and something that seemed to be the tail of a horse.

He made up a prodigious quantity of soap-suds, deluged me with them from head to foot, without warning me to shut my eyes, and then swabbed me viciously with the horse-tail. Then he left me there, a snowy statue of lather, and went away. When I got tired of waiting I went and hunted him up. He was propped against the wall, in another room, asleep. I woke him. He was not disconcerted. He took me back and flooded me with hot water, then turbaned my head, swathed me with dry table-cloths and conducted me to a latticed chicken-coop in one of the galleries, and pointed to one of those Arkansas beds. I mounted it, and vaguely expected the odors of Araby again. They did not come.

The blank, unornamented coop had nothing about it of that Oriental voluptuousness one reads of so much. It was more suggestive of the county hospital than anything else. The skinny servitor

brought a narghile, and I got him to take it out again without waiting any time about it. Then he brought the world-renowned Turkish coffee that poets have sung so rapturously for many generations, and I seized upon it as the last hope that was left of my old dreams of Eastern luxury. It was another fraud. Of all the unchristian beverages that ever passed my lips, Turkish coffee is the worst. The cup is small, it is smeared with grounds; the coffee is black, thick, unsavory of smell and execrable in taste. The bottom of the cup has a muddy sediment in it half an inch deep. This goes down your throat, and portions of it lodge by the way, and produce a tickling aggravation that keeps you barking and coughing for an hour.

Here endeth my experience of the celebrated Turkish bath, and here also endeth my dream of the bliss the mortal revels in who passes through it. It is a magnificent swindle. The man who enjoys it is qualified to enjoy anything that is repulsive to sight or sense, and he that can invest it with a charm of poetry is able to do the same with anything else in the world that is tedious, and wretched, dismal, and nasty.

If the reader is not satisfied with the testimony above given, he had better try the bath for himself, when opportunity offers.

BESSETTING SINS.—The good man daily acquires a delicacy of moral perception and feeling, before whose penetrating gaze his inmost imperfections are laid bare. His outward blemishes, his grosser faults, may be amended. But the sins which cling closest, which wind themselves subtly through the fibres of his nature—his pride, vanity, self-conceit, self-indulgence and, above all, the disloyalty of his self will to the will of the All-Good—these grow only more apparent. He finds that to purify the fountain-head of emotion in the soul, to cleanse its depths from all that defiles it, to drive out lurking ill from its recesses and to untwine the serpent coils of selfishness from his purposes and plans, his aims and interests, is a vastly harder work than building fair walls of outer decorum. Some powerful excitement, some unwonted trial, will rouse into action lawless impulses, over whose subjection he had sung songs of triumph. Long dormant evils, awakened by adverse temptations, by a rush of prosperity or a shock of adversity, by flattery and favor, or by persecution and peril, will burst forth from their hiding-places, with such violence as almost to make him doubt the reality of his religious life. At such trying seasons, a secret ejaculation, a cry of the soul for God's grace to rescue, brings home to the good man his instant dependence. With what grateful joy does he then hold fast to the assurance, that he is never alone, for the Father is with him, that the Living Source of all good is near to him as his own life, and ready to renew him with light and strength from Heaven.—*Channing's "Perfect Life."*

CROOKED PLACES.

A STORY OF STRUGGLES AND HOPES.

BY EDWARD GARRETT,

*Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," "Premiums Paid to Experience," etc.*PART IV.—MILLCENT'S ROMANCE, AND
WHAT IT WAS MADE OF.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE DAY OF RECKONING.

WHEN Fergus reached the Harveys' cottage, he asked to speak with Miss Millicent alone. As the family were seated in the dining-room, he was shown into the little drawing-room, the same apartment, not much changed in character or detail, which had been "the parlor" of his first call years and years ago—the room which he had yearned to make the home of his heart. Nowadays, the value of one of Robina's brooches could have purchased the moneyworth of nearly all its simple decorations. But Fergus was still conscious of the old charm, albeit he now saw it with a qualification. "If there was only a Turkey carpet on the floor, and a little oak carving, and a few bits of rare china, I should wish nothing better than this." And then it flashed into his mind that, after all, he might stay in London, and might even come to live here. There could be a very feasible excuse for such a descent from the magnificence of Acre Hall, in "that Millicent was the last daughter at home, and wished to keep her mother with her, and Mrs. Harvey could not be induced to leave her old quiet way of life." It was not ignorance of the world that made Fergus ready to believe that people would accept the subterfuge—it was only an egotism which made him feel that if he himself could "make believe" to believe it, other people might surely do the same! Sitting in the quiet, shadowy room, as the fever of misery cooled down in poor Fergus's heart, the miserable old vanity and ambition rose again—no brave determination to face the worst, and make the best of it, but a cowardly resolve not to look at the worst, not to believe in it, nay, to stoutly deny it. So there have been commanders who have thought to turn defeat into victory by calling it such. Probably they have won very few real victories afterward.

Millicent did not keep him waiting long. Nay, the moment she heard his voice in the hall, she rose from the table where she was drawing. Yet she lingered in the dining-room to allow the servant to retire to the kitchen, before she crossed the hall. Nor did she go straight into the dining-room, but paused at the little hall window, and looked up at the darkening sky where the stars were just coming out. Her heart was leaping within her. Think not that it leaped with any sweet, wild fancies. She knew what he was come about, and why he wished to speak with her alone. But this friendship had been the very soul of her life, and the merest stirring among its drooped leaves was more to her than the

budding of any other flower. Millicent was not a woman to magnify trifles and flutter over small interests. But what is a trifle? Some faces that would not brighten at news of a fortune, would quiver and break into mingled smiles and tears over a found letter in a dead hand's writing. Some hearts that would bear with equanimity the smashing of old china, or the loss of gems and gold, would burn and break at the accidental destruction of some worn baby's shoe or old faded book. Ah, the veriest rag is priceless if a life is wrought into it! There was no thought of wooing between herself and Fergus Laurie, and Millicent never dreamed that the old friendship could ever again be more than a friendly way of doing business together. But in that very doing business, in curtest note, or driest transaction, would be concentrated the essence, not of what there was, or ever had been, but of that mighty "might have been" which lies around most lives as vaguely and as grandly as astronomical possibilities surround our little *terra firma*.

Then she went into the drawing-room, and the two sat down opposite each other. And Fergus asked after Mrs. Harvey and each member of the family, remarked on the weather, and commented on the public news, till Milly began to feel restless, and to say within herself that they need not sit there, *à la tête*, to say things which might have been shouted through a speaking-trumpet in the street. At last, with her old frankness, she herself led up to the subject in hand, by asking directly: "Did you get a letter from me this afternoon, Mr. Laurie?"

"Yes, I did," Fergus answered quickly, and gave her one swift glance, and let his eyes drop on the carpet. There was only a moment's pause, then he spoke again. "As to the matter it mentioned, I cannot accept the loan you offer." You see the sum is but small, and it would involve our firm in as much responsibility and obligation as if it was ever so large. You might want it back at junctures when it might be inconvenient to return it promptly. You would feel harassed and nervous when you heard of the fluctuations of business. Altogether, there are a hundred reasons, some not easy to put into words, why it would not be right or wise of me to accept the loan of a sum which, while very important to you, is too small for commercial uses."

"Be it as you please. I had no wish that it should be a trouble to you." Millicent's voice was cold, and it was not every ear that could detect its repressed pain.

"And so you manage all your affairs yourself," Fergus went on, feverishly. "I think that is too much, for however small one's affairs may be, they

are still one's affairs, and a great burden and responsibility. I wonder your brother does not insist upon relieving you."

"He knows me too well; he knows it would not matter if he did," said Millicent. "He has his own wife and boy to look after, and mother, too, would come upon him altogether in some events. I don't approve of single women hanging like millstones about their men-folk, and what I don't approve, I try not to do, Mr. Laurie."

There was no malice in her words. Only strong pride. She had no thought of Robina; nay, in such a case, she would have freely granted that a sister who was fulfilling some of a wife's duties had a just claim to some of a wife's rights.

"But the more you speak thus, and the more I think of your life, and feel how noble you are, the more I think how much better and happier it would be for you if there was some one whose right to love and care for you, you would not even wish to gain-say."

Millicent writhed too much under the implied pity of these words to reflect on any other possible meaning. She felt the color rush to her cheek, in no womanly flush, but in a hot spot on each cheek. But she had her ready answer.

"Almost every fact in life has its better. But it has also its worse; and the two chances often lie very near together."

"But the strong heart in all its strength craves love and care as much as the weakest," said Fergus Laurie, "and it values them far more, because it gets them so seldom. It values themselves. The weaker value them for what they get. I know many a woman who thinks she loves a man because she loves the ease and shelter he gives her."

Millicent sat silent. She heard his words, but she scarcely connected them with him who spoke. They were like an echo, mocking through her emptied heart. Ah, so true! But she could love, Love. Ay, though it took from her such leisure and luxury as she had earned for herself, and made her a moiled, driven woman like this one or that one, whose prematurely old faces and bent gray heads rose before her mind's eye. But there remained a secret about this which Millicent did not know yet, and could not guess, or her eyes might have been as content, and her heart as full and satisfied, as are the eyes and heart of many a lonely woman.

Oh, Fergus—poor Fergus! there is another chance in life for you yet! Young reader, fearful lest there be no bright possibilities in your own path, take this fact from one who has seen much. For one life that is dwarfed for want of "a chance," a thousand are ruined by the waste of scores of chances. Shakespeare himself tells us of the tide in the affairs of men, and of the disastrous consequence of losing it. Is it presumption for me to add that the tide seldom fails to return again and again, only that the loss of it is likely to be repeated? If pride, or indolence, or anger, kept us prisoner ashore when the last flood of fortune came in, we may lament its ebb how we like,

but unless we set about building our harbor, we shall be no better off next tide.

Few of us poor, short-sighted creatures ever really blame ourselves. We sigh over our past—the domineering parent regrets his undutiful childhood, the lazy matron censures her gadding girlhood, the money-making man blames his money-spending youth. But the old tree of wilful selfishness is left still growing, be it in blossom or in fruit. We might all of us be very wise and good if the old events happened again. But they never do. In moral, as in intellectual schools, the habits are worth more than the lessons.

An over-weening vanity, an egotism that could be cold and cruel in its own assumed interest, had been the bane of Fergus Laurie's life. Looking back as he had looked back in the early part of this very evening, he had detected the wrong turns his career had taken. But the man who had put himself first in everything, who would be king before he had fought, and master before he had served, had not put himself in a way to be favored with a grand self-revelation which should show him that "before honor goeth humility."

He wanted Millicent to love him and to help him—to be friend and counsellor—to give his downfall a glory which his prosperity had never had; he wanted her to give him courage—to bear him up on the strong pinions of her independent spirit. It may not sound very noble or heroic. But it was human. And it was the plain truth. And it has an appeal to the chivalry of womanhood. Many "a lady" has tended her knight through suffering not encountered in her cause, and then walked contentedly by his limping steps afterward. But Fergus Laurie shrank from this truth as he had shrank from many truths. There is a species of cowardice which hides itself in haunted chambers.

"Millicent," he said, using her unprefix name almost for the first time during all these years, "I don't want you to go on working for me as you have done; I don't want you to continue burdening yourself with money matters. I want you to have no more work and no more care but the happy work and cares of a sheltered wife. I want you to be my own wife, Millicent. Won't you trust me to take care of you?"

For Millicent had sprung up, and crossed the room away from him. Perhaps he had tried to take her hand. Perhaps he had not. She did not know, and she never knew. Only her heart was ablaze with what seemed to her the bitterest insult she could undergo. Had she been left free, through her bright youth, to be asked in marriage out of pity, in the mellow days of maturity? Was it to this that her honest desire of friendly independence had brought her? Could he only construe her offer of business-like service as a forlorn feeler of a life craving his munificent support and protection? Was it possible that he could even imagine that she had made it as a sort of appeal? Robina might have suggested this to him. Robina was just the woman to do so. Was

she not always imagining that every lady was angling for the glory of being the great manufacturer's wife, and hankering after the splendors of Acre Hall? But, never mind that! The bitterness, after all, lay between their two selves—Fergus and Millicent. It was quite impossible for him to regard her as anything but a mere lay figure on which to drape his bounties! And suddenly, in that moment of silence, it flashed upon her that this man was a vain and paltry man—a mere gilt image which only her own imagination had set up and hall-marked. Perhaps, in her pain she was scarcely just to him, and became too bitterly skeptical of all the possibilities of a nature that had so grievously disappointed her. We are all apt to rush to this extreme. The strongest faith in physiognomy can scarcely credit that all absconding parties are as ugly as they are described, else it must have been only fools who ever trusted them!

The end had come to Millicent's dream. It had held but half away over her for a long time. She had been, as it were, in the hour between darkness and dawn, that state when we wonder which is true, our dream or our awakening. But now her eyes were quite open. And she knew that though the man Fergus Laurie was still alive, and that his life was nearer hers than it had ever been before, still her hero was lost and gone, sunk forever in that dark, silent sea of bitter waters which never gives up its dead.

Then she remembered that he sat gazing at her, and awaiting her answer.

"Mr. Laurie," she said, slowly and quietly, "I have no doubt you mean to be very kind. But as you are so candid in your kindness, you will let me be candid in return. I have tried the work and the care, and the struggle for which you pity me. And I know by experience that at their best they may be very happy, and at their worst they are very bearable. The only real sting I have ever had came from none of these things. It came from a professed kindness. There are kindnesses which are like a couch of nettles, whoever has once rested on such will rather sit upright for the rest of his days, than risk more of such repose! Do not mention marriage to me again, Mr. Laurie," she added, her manner softening a little. "Forget that you have ever mentioned it. As for our relations to each other, I have long felt that I was not giving you satisfaction, or, at least, that something was wrong. I am sorry you did not say so plainly to me, I am sure I could have borne it, and it would have relieved you and myself from a great deal of uneasiness. Your silence did not prevent me from feeling that I was burdensome, and though it may be ungracious for me to say this now, it was only a desire to be in some little way useful and business-like which prompted my unfortunate offer of my money. For I do not yet trouble myself much about the income from my savings. So long as I have something stored against a rainy day, I hope to earn—in one way if not another—all I need for many years yet to come. Your old firm re-

newed their many offers of work, oddly enough, this morning. I have not answered their note yet. I shall answer it favorably now. It will be best for both of us, Mr. Laurie," and she smiled sadly. "You see, there is a prosaic time when an offer of work is more acceptable than an offer of marriage."

"Ah, you will find it a very different thing to work for them," said Fergus, drearily.

"Shall I?" asked Millicent, with the chill returning to her voice. "On the contrary, had I been working for them for the last ten years, at the terms they offered me then, and which they renew and improve now, I might have had savings better worth your investing in your business—sixteen hundred pounds instead of eight hundred."

Fergus sprang up and walked hastily toward the door.

"I do not want to say these things," cried poor Milly. "I want to be friends—as much as we can!" (pathetic qualification). "I like to be grateful. It was awfully bitter when I began to doubt and wonder why I was so. Why should you want to set up your own self-respect on the ruins of other people's, Mr. Laurie? You have a great commercial name, and Acre Hall, and a grand circle of friends; will not all these content you without saying that even my wage is the dole of your charity?"

Fergus stood still. He wondered mistily how it would be if he threw himself at her feet, and owned that his prosperity had been but a gigantic sham, and that he was really a homeless, friendless, ruined man—far poorer than she herself was, not only in habit and courage, but even in purse—thrown upon her pitiful woman's heart for forgiveness and comfort and upholding. He might have done this an hour ago. But he said to himself that he could not do this now. It was too late.

Too late! And he turned and looked at Milly—one look, which she never forgot, though she did not understand it till afterward. And without a word, without a good-night, he went away.

Millicent went back to the family room for a moment, and excused herself on the score of a headache, and crept away to her own chamber. She lay down in the darkness, but she did not think. People never do think when their hearts are bruised by the fall of an idol, or broken up by the digging of a grave. Only picture after picture arose before her mind.

The first picture that rose was that sunny road where she had walked with David Maxwell that morning when he found she was something nearer to Fergus than he was himself. But memory repeated that picture as copies are made—somehow the faces were turned the other way.

Then she saw the great chestnut trees that overhung the walls of Acre Hall, and she seemed to look through the great gates and see the cool green lawn, and the fresh hyacinths and primulas planted out in the flower beds. But it did not seem to rise before her as Fergus Laurie's home—as a house where she had been a familiar guest. Rather it was invested with the sleepy, scented mystery that it had for her

in the days when she first came to Hackney, when it was inhabited by two old maiden ladies, whose peacocks she used to feed through the railings on Saturday afternoons.

Then her brother's figure came. But not as the well-to-do author, with a beautiful wife and a tall son of his own. The successful books and the wife and the son, all floated dimly round, like the phantasmagoria of a half-developed dream. The reality seemed those old, old days, when they all had to plan so cleverly to make him look nice for his evening parties and when they watched so sharply for reviews and were so indignant over the naughty ones! Ah me, ah me, while we sleep we blend real sounds with the music of our dreams, and when we awake all seem alike unreal.

And through each of the strange disjointed pictures, there seemed to walk a shadowy, nameless figure, whose face she never saw.

The mind has its fevers apart from the body.

Millicent did not pray that night. Unless there was a prayer in the words, which she caught herself repeating, half aloud, again and again,—"God knows—but I could not help it—God knows."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DAY OF REVEALING.

THE common daylight brought back the simple prose of life. Millicent had to take her accustomed place at the breakfast-table, to profess enjoyment of the omelet which was their little servant's latest and highest work of culinary art, and to feign interest in the royal marriage of which the newspaper was full. Nay, heedless and indifferent in her self-absorption, she had often done these things less carefully than she did them to-day. We all of us forget and fail in our duties sometimes, but it is at bottom a sound heart which remembers them in the day of its calamity, and takes the broken spars of its wrecked hope to build up the household fire.

Only Millicent could not settle to any work. She went away to her studio, and toyed with paper and pencils. She wrote a note in answer of the old firm's offer, saying that she would call at their office in a few days and enter into negotiations. Then she sat down in what she called her "resting chair," and folded her hands and wondered, "Was it all over, or was it not? And what would come next? Was it really true?" She hardly believed anything yet. She would scarcely have wondered if she had woken up and found it was all only a dream; that she was a girl still, and Fergus a poor clerk as he used to be. It was like the first day after a death.

A knock at the street door roused her. It was a knock she knew, and yet it was strange. With haste and earnestness, she went to the stair-head, and listened to the voices in the hall.

It was she who was wanted again, asked for almost in the same words that had been used the night before. "Is Miss Harvey within? Can I speak to

her alone? Tell her I will not detain her long, but my business is very urgent."

This time it was David Maxwell's voice, and Millicent having heard his request, made no pretence of awaiting a summons, but went straight down-stairs, and followed David into the drawing-room. She did not give herself time to wonder what had brought him. Looking back afterward upon the stunned bewilderment of that morning, she compared it to the pause between the first rumble of an earthquake, and the final crash.

She held out her hand to Mr. Maxwell, and he took it, but instead of the usual commonplace words of greeting, he said, eagerly: "Has Fergus Laurie been here?"

"Yes," said Millicent, amazed; "he was here last evening."

"Ah, last evening, according to the arrangement he made before he left the counting-house. About what time was he here, Miss Milly?"

"He was not here more than half an hour. It must have been nearly nine when he went away," answered the bewildered Millicent, with that judicial precision which is natural to all of us when replying to questions whose drift we do not understand. "But why? what is the matter?"

"He has not been home all night; he has not come to the office this morning," David explained. "His visit to you is the last trace we have of him, unless, indeed, you can give us a clue."

Millicent was silent. And her womanly heart stood still. Had there been real love masked in Fergus's fantastic vanity, and had she wounded it to the quick by her sharp, stern words? A woman does not hate a man whose honest suit she has refused. Nay, often after her fiat has gone forth, there comes a spell of relenting and self-distrust, when a renewed appeal would be very dangerous to her firmness. And even when this could not be the case, when there stands between them a something which cannot be set aside, there will always be a latent tenderness in even her bitterest censure.

"No doubt he felt very deeply the necessity for speaking to you on such a subject," said David. "But he was quite calm when he talked it over with me. Did he show any excitement to you?"

Millicent looked up blankly into David's face. What could it all mean? Had he actually confided to his coadjutor that he was going to make her an offer of marriage to console her for the loss of the work he considered she was no longer fit for? Or had he only consulted about the loan she had proffered? Perhaps it was David who had advised him not to accept it. But there could be no particular cause for excitement over anything relating to that.

David thought he understood her silence. That she did not know how far Fergus had spoken to him in confidence, and was anxious to keep his counsel.

"I only ask you what his manner was, and whether he gave any hint as to where he was going?"

he asked, gently. "I will not ask what he said about his affairs. I know all that is urgent on that point. But these other questions I must press for your sake. They concern his well-being—perhaps his very life!"

"His life!" Millicent echoed, and sat down on the nearest chair.

"Will you not tell me what he said to you?" pleaded David.

"No, I cannot," she answered. "It would not be right for me to do so. But you can tell what you expected he would say, and I will tell you if you are wrong."

"Yesterday afternoon," said David, "we agreed that he was to call upon you, and tell you that in the present precarious condition of the firm, it would be to your advantage to seek an engagement elsewhere, and that you should be immediately paid up the sum that is owing to you. The firm cannot be carried on any longer under its present management. You should not have had such a sudden notice, but that Fergus has struggled on and hoped against hope. But he felt it would be all taken out of his hands by his creditors, after one of them had gone so far as to put a man in possession of Acre Hall. But Fergus seemed at once to take it calmly, and I thought he would find it rather a comfort than otherwise to talk it over to a tried old friend like you."

Millicent's face had grown gray while he spoke.

"He spoke to me as a prosperous man," she cried, "and I answered him as such. I thought no other. Fergus Laurie is a dishonorable man!"

David sat silent for a few minutes, and then he asked softly, "Did he say nothing to you of what I have related? Nothing about the money?"

"Only that he would not take it. He said it was not worth while," said Millicent.

"Would not take it—not worth while!" David repeated, astonished in his turn. "What money is this?"

"The eight hundred pounds I offered to lend him yesterday," Millicent answered, helplessly.

She did not feel like a middle-aged, responsible woman—a woman who had done piles of work, who had saved money. She felt like a girl again, in the pitiful sense of the phrase, with a girlish sense of outsideness, a girlish belief that men must be different, after all, and nearer to each other, much as she had fancied on that old day, that if she, a nobody, knew something, David, friend and fellow-man, must know so much more.

"I knew nothing of that," David said, gravely. "The only money mentioned between us was the sum the firm owes you. As you did not call for it this morning, I have brought it with me now," and he laid upon the table, not a check, but notes for the full amount.

"He said nothing of that," Millicent replied. "He spoke of my not doing any more work. I thought nothing of the debt, I knew it would be paid sooner or later. And then the subject was changed, and not a word was said about anything you have mentioned

to-day. Only it was quite settled I was not to work for him any more."

"Did you press the loan of your money?" David asked.

"No; he said it was too small a sum to be troubled with. I had thought that perhaps it might be serviceable using money, for I knew the firm must have great expenses, though I never dreamed it was not splendidly prosperous. I never did! If I had, I should not have chosen this time to speak as I did. But Fergus Laurie is a dishonorable man!"

David Maxwell sat before her with a secret and sorrowful guess as to what else his friend had said to her, and as to how she had answered. He thought of her patient, laborious life—of her many brave responsibilities, but though he thought within himself that he was glad she had not offered her money till it was too late for Fergus to hope anything by grasping it, what he said, was, "I am glad, at least, that he did not accept your loan."

"Do you think I care so much for that?" she cried, scornfully. "I would freely give all that I have that this should never have happened."

"God forgive him, and keep all of us," said David, sadly. "Think what his sin is costing him. Poor Fergus! How different he might have been!"

"I doubt it," she laughed bitterly.

But at that moment there rose before her that first evening with the Lauries, and her outburst of girlish heat, and Fergus's quiet remark, "I can believe you would." And she covered her face with her hands, and two hot tears came, hard, as if drawn heavily up from the depths of her whole nature.

"Does anybody else know anything of last evening's interview?" David pleaded again. "I must ask, for we must find him."

"Nobody knows anything," she said, drearily. "I supposed he was going straight home. He was quite cool. But I thought he looked at me strangely; and now I remember, he did not say good-night."

"Then, in fact, the simplest truth does not require that I should alter anything that I have already told Miss Robina, namely, that I believed her brother had arranged to come here on business—in fact, to tell you that your connection with his firm had better cease."

Millicent's face colored hotly.

"That is all that is to be told," she said. "If you like, you can add that I spoke rather sharply—about business!"

David drew a long breath, and rose from his seat.

"What are you going to do?" Millicent asked, rising also. "What does Robina think? What does his mother say?"

"They are both excited," David answered. "And they speak so. It is hard for them now, with this terror and suspense added to the misery of the man in possession, and the ruin of everything."

"They have brought most of it upon themselves," said Millicent, sharply.

"Does not that add to the agony?" asked David, gently. "Ay, whether they own it to themselves or

no. Isn't that all the difference between the crown of martyrdom and the blot of capital punishment? As for your inquiry, what am I going to do? I scarcely know. Every moment may bring us some clue that we cannot dream of now. We must deal as gently with him as we can, we must leave him hope that there is a way up again even yet, poor fellow!"

Softer tears were gathering in Milly's eyes. She did not dream that it was the patient face and holy words of the man before her that were touching the sweeter springs of her nature. She had not yet had leisure so utterly to abolish her old idol worship; she only thought the gentler mood came from the old tender memories, even from a little remorse for the righteous judgment that she had dealt out at so unsuitable a time.

"I spoke to him last night as I should never have spoken to a failed and chagrined man," she said. "If I can do anything to help you, I am ready. Do you think it would be any comfort to the Lauries to see me, as I was the last person who saw him?"

She asked it humbly, for Milly was a magnanimous woman, who would humiliate herself an ell for every inch that she sinned, and who wanted to do this so much that she would even do it at the peril of laying herself open to the old sore accusation of coming to spy out the barrenness of the land. Perhaps she was more magnanimous than wise. If one does chance to tread on a serpent, that is no reason why one should take it up and warm it in one's bosom.

David stood thoughtful. He knew that Mrs. and Miss Laurie had been ready to say hard things of Millicent during his interview with them that morning. But he thought that was because they believed her cold and calculating in this their day of adversity. He thought of his own hard time of anguish, long years ago now, and how Christian's note of invitation had come to him like a burst of sunshine. He forgot that he rose from his knees to see that burst of sunshine. He thought that it would do those two poor desolate women good to see a familiar face that had some share of its own in their trouble. It would surely soften them and save them from that spirit of hard defiance which is the deadly mortification of sorrow. They might writhe and cry out, and be petulant and reproachful, he could fancy that, but he could trust Millicent's patience now; it would never be fallen pride that she would humble, it would not be stung hands that she would smite. He had rather she had gone without asking his advice, but as this was done, he would give what seemed to him right for her and for them. If, as he half feared, Fergus already lay a dead man somewhere among the rushes by the river side, it would be a comfort for her to know that she had laid the bitterness in her heart, and forgiven him and his before she knew it. Therefore he said: "I think you could be a great comfort to them. I cannot quite understand them. They are much excited in one way, but in another they are strangely cool. That is often one feature in

great excitement. Of course, they will know that you know, and you will speak with them as knowing all. I can understand their wishing to keep everything as quiet as possible, but they are making such efforts to set forth that everything is quite right. I suppose the very servants imagine that their master has gone away about business. Miss Robina went with the cook to market this morning, and I heard her tell the parlor-maid which flower they will have for their table decoration to day. It is like setting up one's will to keep out the coming ocean-tide. It must be a terrible state of mind. But a little friendly sympathy will bring about a more natural feeling. I tell you all this, only that you may be prepared. If you will get ready now, I will take you with me as I go back."

Millicent made no delay. She went into the parlor and told her mother and Miss Brook that there was great trouble in Acre Hall, adding frankly that she was not at liberty to tell them any more than, and that they need not mention even this meagre fact to anybody else. The two ladies asked questions in a breath.

"Is anybody ill?" inquired Mrs. Harvey. "Because, if so, I ought to go instead of you. You are not strong enough for nursing or sitting up, and you will not lay by when you are done, but will go straight back to your work."

"Is he in difficulties at last?" asked Miss Brook. "I always knew you'd gain a loss by him some day, but he need not have failed when he was owing you so much, as I feel certain he does just now."

"Nobody is ill," said Millicent; "and as for any money due to me, it is sent to me in full this morning; and as I am not to do any more work for the firm, your evil prophecies are not true, Miss Brook!"

"Then you've come off better than some folk will," were the parting words which Miss Brook threw behind her as Millicent left the room. But her mother followed her up-stairs and sat down opposite her as she hastily put on her bonnet and wraps.

"I wish you could say something else to me, Milly," she pleaded, wistfully.

Millicent put her arms round her mother's neck. She had not done so for years and years. "Oh, mother, mother!" she wailed, "don't you remember you didn't love your mother less when you couldn't tell her everything?"

"God be with you, my darling!" said Mrs. Harvey. "There's many a meaning to the text, 'When father and mother forsake, then the Lord taketh us up.' And she let her go."

David and Millicent did not speak much to each other as they walked to Acre Hall. David opened the great gates himself, and as they went up to the carriage sweep he said to Millicent: "I will send in word that you are here, and then Miss Laurie can choose which room she will receive you in, as she prefers to keep all out of hearing of the servants."

The parlor-maid admitted them—a smart, saucy girl, who had caught the habit of the house, and had one manner for grand strange visitors, and another

for familiar connected corners, especially such as Miss Harvey, whose dresses did not cost so much as her own Sunday best.

Millicent sat down wearily while the girl scornfully took in their message. The great, fair house, with its rich scents and its soft coloring, seemed so like a haunted palace—ay, haunted for her, not yet with disembodied ghosts astray from their spiritual homes, however soon that, too, was to be—but with wailing ghosts that had never found bodies, and had no abiding place above earth, or below it.

She was so shocked and stunned that she did not notice how long the girl was away, till she heard her mincing steps returning along the corridor. She had a conscious simper on her face.

"Please, ma'am, but Miss Laurie is very sorry that, as it is not yet visiting hours, she happens to be engaged and unprepared to receive visitors, and so cannot have the pleasure of seeing you to-day, as she could not think of asking you to wait. But if Mr. Maxwell will step into the library, she says she will see him in a few minutes, as she knows he is on business, and that mustn't be trifled with."

"Very well, I will return presently," responded David, offering his arm to Millicent, who said not one word, but rose up, white and stony, and followed him.

The servant shut the door behind them, and went back to the kitchen, where she put her own version on the incident.

"I shouldn't wonder but master is keeping that Miss Harvey out of her money, as well as other people, and that missis knows it. Lawks, but here's the new damask drawing-room curtains been put down in damp, and all stained. Well, how can anybody think of everything with a strange man about, and such a deal of changing and worry? I'm a doing my best, an' as for character, I reckon I'll have to go back on my old school certificate, and my aunt's good word, for a character from this house won't be worth much, I'm thinking."

Whether or not David believed that Robina, behind all her subterfuge, was anxiously waiting for news of her brother—he did not return to her till he had seen Millicent safe back in her own home.

He spoke to her as they went along.

"Never mind," he said, "you don't need any pity. She does, poor thing, most of all for this."

"What is the use of forgiving, if the forgiveness is rejected?" cried Millicent; "why need we make a missile to be flung back at ourselves?"

"Hush, hush," he pleaded. "The forgiveness is our part, the other is not. If people will not have our loving-kindness, I think God takes care of it. He looks after all wasted things."

"Why doesn't He look after them before they are wasted?" said Millicent, hardly. "Is not a full heart and life better worthy Him than empty ones?"

"Not always," David answered, quietly. "For perhaps there is something in them which will not

let Him wholly in, and He empties them that He may fill them better."

"But can affection—can friendship keep out God?" asked Millicent. "Are not all good things of Him?"

"Yes," said David. "All good things. But nothing ever takes those away. We can no more be separated from them than we can from the love of God itself."

"Was not your love for Fergus a good thing?" she asked. "And have you got it still?" she added, bitterly.

David drew a long sigh. "Yes, I think I have," he said. "A great deal of something has gone away from it. God can't endure mistakes or falsities of any kind. They must go; they are not the love."

"Can anybody love a creature from whom they can expect nothing that is good?" Millicent asked again.

"Thank God, yes! God does. Christ knew the evil that was in human nature, and yet loved it well enough to die for it. And He did not say, 'I am willing to die for men, but not by their hands.' We could all of us make sacrifices in our own way—the burnt-offerings that God does not delight in, but we have to make them in God's way, even though they be but our own troubled spirit and broken heart."

Millicent walked silent till she came to her own door, and then she turned to him and said: "If you think again that I can be of any use anyhow, do not fail to let me know. I will be ready. I can but try, and I will."

"I know it," he answered. "Do not imagine for a moment that I doubt it."

And she disappeared in her mother's cottage, and he went back to Acre Hall.

CHAPTER XIX.

D. M. AND M. H.

IN less than two hours David returned to Millicent.

He had news. An "Eastern Counties" railway porter had brought a letter to Robina. It had been given him by a gentleman in the station early that morning. The man described the gentleman as "a short gentleman, quiet enough in manner, but snappy-like. Didn't know what train he went by, or whether he went by any. Guessed he did though, as it was the Harwich train guard that called him to wait upon him. Reckoned the guard would know all about that."

Robina had shown David the letter, which said nothing more than this:—

"The creditors may do their worst; it won't hurt me now. I will not see D. M. or M. H. again. It is too bad."

David only hastened to follow up the railway porter's information. The morning's train to Harwich must be just about its destination. So David telegraphed to the guard, if possible to detain the

traveller who had called for the porter, and, if not possible, to telegraph at what station he got out, and what he did.

The answer had come speedily: "Passengers had all cleared off before message arrived. Gentleman got out at Harwich, and called a boy to carry his great-coat. Don't know which way he went. Don't know the boy; but have seen him at the station before."

David had rapidly come to the conclusion that he must go down to Harwich and pursue the search himself. It did not matter in the least that he felt he was the "D. M.," whom the poor wanderer did not wish to meet again; nay, that was the more reason that such meeting should be swiftly made an accomplished fact, will he, nill he. He could understand and pity Fergus, in his physical and moral humiliation, hiding away from the two pairs of eyes that had been used to regard him with such proud trustfulness. But in this state of cowering misery, repentance was likely to be only useless remorse—a stone about his soul to sink it, not a staff to help it up. Therefore Fergus must be brought to stand upright in his altered position, and to bear to see affectionate faces with forgiveness and patience in them instead of pride.

This was what he came to say to Millicent Harvey, and this was what she said to him:

"Go at once; and in case I could be of any use in reassuring him—in case it would be well for me to soften some of the hard things I said last night, I will follow you in the course of the evening, if possible; if not, I will be there early to-morrow morning. I will invite one of my nephews to come with me, and then my sudden absence at the seaside will not provoke any comment out of my own family circle."

"I could not have asked you to do so much," said David, warmly. "But the very fact that you, who, I am quite sure, know so much more than I know, will do this, will surely be his salvation, for earth and for Heaven."

It was characteristic of Millicent that she instructed David. "Do not take rooms for us; we will take them when we arrive. I could not stay at any hotel. Let me choose my own place."

Millicent knew what was due to her mother. Though she was a middle-aged, independent, and somewhat unconfiding spinster, she would not take a step like this, leaving Mrs. Harvey wholly in the dark. Her sense of justice and mercy, too, revolted from the over-common practice of treading down the feelings of a dozen true hearts, to spare those of a perverted one, which is a species of humanity that might possibly prescribe a bath of innocent blood to refresh the weariness of a satiated debaucher. Millicent had felt, though she had scarcely noticed, this same consideration in David Maxwell. In all his eager pity for the Lauries, he had never in one iota attempted to sacrifice her feelings or comfort for theirs. He had asked her to do nothing; he had left all to her own free will. If we have a right in this world, it is the right to sacrifice ourselves. But

so many people think their right is rather to sacrifice others!

While she hastily packed up her clothes, Millicent told her mother about it all. She did not tell her all about it. She told of Fergus's gradual fall, of their conversation on the previous night, and of her own severity and his flight. She did not tell of the offer of marriage. But reading between the lines, Mrs. Harvey felt it was there, though she could not tell where—no, not whether it was years ago or only yesterday.

Millicent's proposed escort did not fail her. "Grandmamma" went to invite him, and it must have been a strange request of "grandmamma's" that George and Christian did not instantly grant. The boy himself was glad of the holiday, and the glimpse of the ocean, without much thought of his companion; but when grandmamma, who herself went to the station to see them off, drew him aside and told him to take particular care of "Aunt Millicent," then the boy felt that she was in some way a charge of his, and tried to fulfil his duties by carefully adjusting the railway carriage windows, by pressing her to eat biscuits, and pointing out the noticeable houses and churches on the road.

There could not have been a more unromantic-seeming pair of travellers. Of the two, superficial eyes would have seen more possibilities of pathos in the bright-looking lad with his merry chatter, than in the prim woman, who looked quite elderly as the deepening twilight made shadows on her face. Though she answered him cheerily, Robert Harvey soon felt that she wanted to be undisturbed, and let her sit in silence, watching the sunset, one of those sad spring sunsets, which seem like the last good-bye of a young life, that yet has lasted long enough for its own happiness.

They reached Harwich at last, and found David on the platform, having come there for the chance of meeting them. Though he had obeyed Millicent's orders not to take rooms for her, he had reconnoitred the place, and discovered two or three houses that he could particularly recommend to her notice. And while young Robert Harvey started a British boy's eager talk to the briny lad who volunteered to carry their luggage, David and Millicent dropped behind to hear and to tell the latest news.

"He cannot be far off," David informed her. "I have found the boy that he employed at the railway station, and he took him to the principal hotel here, where he lunched. He left soon after. No steamer has left Harwich to-day, since the hour when he came in, and nobody of his description has gone away in any coach. From his coming here, I fancy he must mean to leave by the German boat, and will probably stay in some quiet lodging till its time for starting. Very likely he will wander about after dark. I mean to wander too. There are not so many ways here, that we are very likely to miss each other. And I shall take care to see all the passengers go on board the steamer. You see, Miss Harvey, the question is not merely one of finding him, but of

finding him quietly, and bringing him to a calm state of mind. Therefore we must resort to no means likely to defeat this end."

Millicent assented, but her heart felt sick within her, and her face looked so gray and worn that David was glad that she was satisfied with the first lodging to which he conducted her. So, with an assurance that he would see her early in the morning, he committed her to the care of the motherly landlady whose neatness and cheerfulness had attracted his attention to her very humble house.

"Now, you're just dead tired, miss," the good woman chattered; "an' if you'll take my advice you'll go straight off to your own room and stay there, an' I'll bring you up a cup o' tea and a bite of nice fish. Don't you trouble about the young gentleman, miss, I'll lay you my best china pot, he'll soon find his way into the kitchen to my old man, and then he won't want for yarning. They'll make up to each other, easy, miss, for our dog Gill has got her pups down under the dresser, and dogs, and pups especial, is a fine subject to begin talk upon."

Millicent was too tired in heart and limbs to rebel. Nay, she felt it a pleasure to be ordered—a gratification which, like most strong-willed people, she was little likely to get from those who knew her best.

Nor had she any occasion to regret exchanging the little tawdry parlor for the sleeping apartment. This was a long, low room running the whole length of the old house. It did not look like a room carelessly furnished for shifting inmates. There were two or three really good prints on the walls, and a lounging chair stood between the window and the fire-place, with an occasional table, and a bracket with books placed near it. Millicent noted all this half unconsciously. This would be her home for a piece of her life that could never fail to be memorable.

"Ah, it's a nice room, isn't it?" said the chatty landlady, going to a cupboard in the wall, and rattling out a little tea service. "These cups go with this room, and I always keep them and wash 'em up on the shelf outside—they never go into the kitchen to be knocked up against the pewters and willow-patterns. This was my dear lady's room, and these were her cups, and this is how she left everything. Them's her books. Dear, dear, she were a blessed woman if ever were—though I didn't dare say so to her, it made her that sad. 'I'm no better than the worst of the girls in the town,' she would say to me, so softly, 'and there's few of those poor things that have had thoughts of murder as I had once,' she would say. 'It's a wonder I didn't rush before God with my hands red with my fellow-sinner's blood.' I never knew the story rightly, miss, only she'd gone wrong in her young days—most likely been awfully deceived—for, anyhow, something cast up that made her hate the man she'd loved too well—maybe she found out he'd been married all along, and she started off on a long journey, with a knife in her pocket to stab him. And then she said, 'God met her.' You should have seen her

face, miss, when she said that! It was kind as if she saw Him before her. She never said a word more about it, no more than Moses talked much o' whatever he saw on the top o' the mountain. She turned off on her journey and came here. She was a fine-brought-up lady that could paint, and sing, and speak the languages, but there was no work to be had for the likes of her but a common servant's place at a little eating-house. And there she lived, and slaved, and by and by, she took to going among them poor bad girls that is always about where there's sailors, and many a good word she spoke, and many a good deed she did, unbeknown, while she was earning her bread—cooking and washing up. At last, a minister heard of her, and got her a little salary to give her more time for doing good. She didn't have it very long, but in the meantime she got into the way of getting the fine sorts of needlework, and she did as much, and earned as much as if she'd done nothing else, but every evening she was out, and many an one she's saved, and many an one she's snatched out the fire. She lived in this room, and she died in it; and whoever she was, and whatever she'd been, a saint went to glory when she was taken. She was mighty fond of her books, and I hope you'll amuse yourself with them, miss, for they used to sound very grand when she read bits to me, being as I don't know an A from a B myself."

Millicent turned to the "bracket" as the landlady retired. She had not given much heed to her story, though she would have been interested enough by it at another time. Nor did it even interest her very much to find among that slender store of books an old worn copy of her brother's early work, "Talks and Meditations." She saw that book often enough in many places. The terrible review had not laughed it down to nothing, and George's only pleasant regret was that in those guileless days he had parted wholly with its copyright.

Millicent had never heard of the incident of her sister-in-law Christian's long-ago journey to London. It is a way of breaking in halves that stories have in this world. And so Christian missed a happy satisfaction, and George lost a solemn delight. Only for a little while. Every kindly doer, and every faithful worker will find many such satisfactions and delights in Heaven.

"What is that noise?" Millicent asked, listening, as her landlady returned with the tea and toast.

"It's the rain agen the windows, miss. You've got safe under shelter none too soon. It's blowing great guns from the nor'-east, and the skipper says it'll be an awful night," replied the sailor's wife.

(To be continued.)

ARGUE not with a man whom you know to be of an obstinate temper; for when he is once contradicted, his mind is barred up against all light and information; arguments, though never so well grounded, do but provoke him, and make even him afraid to be convinced of the truth.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE HIRAM POWERS.

HIRAM POWERS, the eminent American sculptor, whose recent death in Florence has caused deep regret to all lovers of art, was born in Woodstock, Vermont, in 1805. The son of a farmer, and far removed from influences calculated to foster his artistic tastes, he yet early developed the bent of his genius. Removing with his father's family, while yet a child, to Ohio, he turned his hand to a great variety of employments in Cincinnati, showing in all shrewd sense and inventive faculty. He was at various times a clock-maker, a manufacturer of reed organs and a director of a wax-work show. He invented a jew's-harp with two tongues, and later in life constructed machinery to facilitate the process of modelling his works. If he had not been an artist, he might have achieved success as an engineer and mechanic.

The *Cincinnati Commercial* gives the following interesting reminiscences in regard to the great sculptor:

"In 1819, Hiram obtained employment in the clock and organ factory of Lowan Watson, on Seventh Street, between Main and Sycamore Streets, in Cincinnati. He was at first employed as collector for the establishment, but, acquiring a taste for mechanics, turned his attention to learning the trade, and made such rapid progress that in the course of a year he was regarded as an expert at the trade, and finished an organ for Dorfeuille's Museum, at the corner of Main and Pearl Streets, doing nearly all the work himself. This organ gave so much satisfaction that another order was given by some connections of the museum people, and Hiram did the designing and much of the work on the new instrument. The organ played twenty-six set tunes, and was arranged with twelve juvenile figures, six little boys with trumpets on one side, and six little girls with bells on the other, the trumpets blowing and the bells ringing at certain intervals during the performance, for air. While at the clock factory, Hiram became acquainted with a Mr. Eckstein, a Prussian artist and sculptor, who conceived a strong liking for him, and gave him lessons in modelling and casting busts. He remained at the clock factory, working on organs and making wax figures, which, it seems, was an important feature of the trade, until 1827, when the progress he had made in modelling, under his friend Eckstein's tuition, gained him more remunerative occupation in the museum. He made a number of figures of noted divines, celebrated philosophers, statesmen and historical criminals, for exhibition at the museum, and also constructed the 'Infernal Regions,' which formed the chief attraction of that place of entertainment for many years. While at the museum he also modelled busts of Dr. Bishop, President of the Oxford, Ohio, College, Nicholas Longworth and Amor Coombs, who was then deceased, and whose features Mr. Powers reproduced chiefly from memory. All

of these busts were subsequently transferred to marble.

"Mr. Powers was engaged in the modelling of wax figures and plaster busts until 1835, when he went to Washington, D. C. His precision in reproducing forms and catching expression was remarkable even when he was struggling through the elementary stages of his profession. Old residents of the city will call to mind the wax figure he made of his old and fast friend, Aleck Drake, the actor. Aleck was running the old Columbia Street Theatre, was playing to the poorest of houses, had no new attractions in view, and was on bad terms with his banker. Powers, as an expedient for raising the wind, conceived the novel idea of putting two Aleck Drakes on the same stage at the same time, in the act of singing 'Love and Sausages.' In twelve days Powers executed a perfect image of Drake, which was dressed exactly like the great actor, at Platt Evans's tailor shop on Main Street, and on the appointed night the two Alecks appeared at opposite ends of the stage, grimaced, saluted the audience, and sang 'Love and Sausages' (to the best belief of the audience), like two Alecks indeed. Which was the real Aleck and which the counterfeit, nobody could tell, so exactly were they alike. One gentleman is remembered to have sung out from the gallery, pointing at one side of the stage, 'That's Drake over there; I saw him wink.' The real Aleck, from the other side, shouted out: 'No it ain't, I'm here,' however, when the audience was all at sea again. The two Alecks were a great success, and enjoyed a 'run' of eight or ten weeks, which restored Drake to a sound financial footing.

"On taking up his residence at Washington, Mr. Powers executed a bust of General Jackson, the general assigning him a room in the White House for a workshop. He also executed busts of Martin Van Buren, Alexander McCoomb, John C. Calhoun, Senator Preston, Chief Justice Marshall, Judge Burnett, Edward Everett, and a number of other distinguished statesmen and jurists.

"Returning to Cincinnati on a short visit, he left on August 29, 1837, for the East, expecting to proceed immediately to Italy. He received a commission for the execution of a bust of Daniel Webster, however, and remained at Marshfield long enough to complete his model. He arrived at Florence, Italy, some time in October of the year 1837.

"The first few years he passed in Italy were years of toil and discouragement, and it was fully four years before he could fairly regard his chisel as a trustworthy implement of defence against poverty. In the third year of his residence abroad he wrote to his brother here that his funds were nearly exhausted, and if he did not obtain temporary relief he would be compelled to return to his native country. The

announcement of this intelligence to some of the merchants and bankers of this city and Boston resulted in the placing to his credit immediately of five thousand dollars, which, as he had in the meantime sold his original 'Greek Slave,' Mr. Powers never had occasion to use, though ever grateful for the generous offer.

"The 'Greek Slave' found a purchaser in Captain Grant, of Her Majesty's Navy, who paid one thousand guineas for it. It is Mr. Powers's most celebrated work. The Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen visited Mr. Powers's studio soon after its completion, and gave it the highest praise. Thorwaldsen was then past his eightieth year, and the President of the Artists' Association, which was meeting at Florence. 'Is this your first ideal statue?' he asked of Powers. Hiram replied that it was the first one that he had completed.

"Any sculptor," returned Thorwaldsen, 'might be proud of it as his last.'

The *Portland Transcript*, speaking of Mr. Powers, says:

"He was a man not only of strong native genius, but of great conversational powers, fresh and original in his talk and full of ingenious ideas. Unlike other sculptors, he made no clay models—except in portrait busts—but modelled directly in the plaster, and he had many ingenious devices and machines, among which was one for punching holes through iron. In exhibiting these he would say to his friends, 'You see I am a bit of a Yankee.' He was also a sort of natural doctor, great in the invention of empirical remedies. We invented an apparatus for the cure of chest complaints, by inhalation, yet died of consumption in the end.

"Hawthorne, in his *Italian Notes*, bears frequent testimony to Mr. Powers's conversational ability. He says, 'his talk is full of bone and muscle, and I enjoy him much.' Again he adds, 'I have hardly ever before felt an impulse to write down a man's conversation as I do that of Mr. Powers. He is a very instructive man, and sweeps one's empty and dead notions out of the way with exceeding vigor. I am always glad to encounter the millstream of his talk.'

"Mr. Powers had a full appreciation of his own abilities, and was not slow to criticise the works of other artists. He pronounced the head of the Venus di Medici to be that of an idiot, and declared that the grand and mysterious effect of Michael Angelo's statue of Lorenzo di Medici was due to a trick. Hawthorne alludes to this trait of character in the following note:

"Powers is a great man, and also a tender and delicate one, massive and rude of surface as he looks; and it is rather absurd to feel how he impressed his auditor, for the time being, with his own evident idea that nobody else is worthy to touch marble. Mr. B—— told me that Powers has had many difficulties on professional grounds, as I understood him, and with his brother artists. No wonder! He has said enough in my hearing to put him at

swords' points with sculptors of every epoch and every degree between the two inclusive extremes of Phidias and Clarke Mills.'

"We remember an anecdote told us many years ago, illustrative of the ruling passion in Mr. Powers's mind. At the time of General Jackson's removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States, he approached a group of merchants in New York, who were excitedly discussing the matter. One of them turned to him and said, 'Mr. Powers, what do you think of this high-handed act?' 'I think,' said the artist, who had been critically regarding the figure of his questioner, 'that your arms are too long for your body!'

"Hawthorne records an anecdote of Mr. Powers's early life:

"Mr. Powers gave some amusing anecdotes of his early life, when he was a clerk in a store in Cincinnati. There was a museum opposite, the proprietor of which had a peculiar physiognomy that struck Powers, inasmuch that he felt impelled to make continual caricatures of it. He used to draw them upon the door of the museum, and became so familiar with the face, that he could draw them in the dark; so that, every morning, here was this absurd profile of himself, greeting the museum-man when he came to open his establishment. Often, too, it would reappear within an hour after it was rubbed out. The man was infinitely annoyed, and made all possible efforts to discover the unknown artist, but in vain; and finally concluded, I suppose, that the likeness broke out upon the door of its own accord, like the nettle-rash. Some years afterward, the proprietor of the museum engaged Powers himself as an assistant; and one day Powers asked him if he remembered this mysterious profile. "Yes," said he, "did you know who drew them?" Powers took a piece of chalk, and touched off the very profile again, before the man's eyes. "Ah," said he, "if I had known it at the time, I would have broken every bone in your body!"

"In another place Hawthorne gives an account of an evening spent with Powers on the terrace at the top of the latter's house, in Florence. There the romancer and the artist sat in the calm summer evening, until the moon rose behind the trees, and reasoned high about other states of being, and the beautiful shapes inhabiting the planets in the heavens above them. Hawthorne closes his account of this delightful intercourse with these half-humorous words:

"The atmosphere of Florence, at least when we ascend a little way into it, suggests planetary speculations. Galileo found it so, and Mr. Powers and I pervaded the whole universe; but finally crept down his garret-stairs, and parted, with a friendly pressure of the hand.'

"That was fifteen years ago, and the two friends have now both passed on to those other states and scenes of which they held so high discourse, there, perhaps, to meet again, and renew the discussion of that pleasant evening hour."

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

No. IX.

OUR stove has an elevated oven with two grates in it, but I never could bake very well on the lower one, because the loaves would rise and crowd against the upper one, and the top crust would be cracked, and broken, and disfigured. Rather than be annoyed thus, I always baked three loaves at a time on the upper grate. My men folks tried to fix it for me, but they never hit on a plan that was satisfactory, and so all these twelve years I have done bakings of from eight to twenty-one loaves a week, baking three loaves only at a time. We had an outdoor oven a few years ago, but the wrinkles would come in the men's noses every time they had to split oven-wood, and I was rejoiced one morning to find it a crumbled heap of brick and mortar. But in my eagerness to facilitate business in the kitchen this summer, I contrived how I could arrange the stove oven for baking six loaves instead of three.

I took four railroad spikes, and with soft copper wire fastened them securely to the four corners of the upper grate, on the under side. That lifted it up just high enough to be out of the way of touching the bread on the lower grate, and now I bake six loaves at a time with no trouble at all, only to change the upper loaves to the lower parts, and to be careful not to place one directly under the other.

Ida and Lily were away visiting yesterday in the afternoon, and that gave me a good opportunity to write. If they are at home, no matter how firmly we resolve not to speak to each other, and how determined they are not to hinder Pipey, the first thing we know we are all firing away as earnestly as though we had not seen each other for a week. Father said he woke from his noon nap the other day and heard us talking, and for an instant he thought a clan of Irish had taken possession of our sitting-room—that perhaps Paddy and Mike had just come over from Cork and met with the Flannaghans and the McCartys. Heh! he didn't make us ashamed. I said: "Oh, that's better than to quarrel, or disagree, or sulk, and go moping about with no desire to talk at all;" and so it is.

I improved the time while the girls were gone yesterday. Before we went to bed last night, Ida complained of not feeling well; and knowing her general health was good, I immediately inquired what she ate at supper where she was visiting.

"I didn't mean to tell you at all, Pipey," said she, looking ashamed; "but maybe if I confess I'll feel better in my mind, any how. We had cabbage for supper, and I knew I ought not to touch it, and that you didn't allow of it; but it looked so good, and was so nicely cooked, I took two spoonfuls of it. I do wish I hadn't tasted it! I'll not yield to temptation so weakly another time."

I was sorry she had partaken of the cabbage, but I knew there was a remedy, though I didn't tell her of it, for fear she would be tempted to take cabbage and remedy another time.

After she had gone to bed I put half a teaspoonful of soda in half a cup of water, stirred it until it was thoroughly dissolved, and gave her to drink, and made her curl up snugly in bed.

She felt no more the effects of her unwise supper. She said the cabbage was made into warm slaw, and was so nice she asked Cousin Laura for the recipe.

For one head of cabbage, chopped very fine; to make the dressing, put into a kettle about half a pint of vinegar—less if it is very strong—set it on the fire to boil, add one pint of rich cream, one tablespoonful of dry mustard, two well-beaten eggs, one even teaspoonful of pepper, two of salt; stir briskly, and as soon as it boils put in the cabbage; stir well with a large fork until the dressing is mixed through, then pour out as soon as possible, or it will make the dressing too thick. This is good either warm or cold.

Don't forget at this season of the year to make a few glasses of green grape jelly. It is very pretty, and is made like any other kind.

In gathering cucumbers to save for pickles, use small ones, they will make such firm, crisp pickles. Examine your vines once a day, and don't wait until you have gathered three or four times before you put them in the brine. They should not be allowed to wilt or have yellow specks come on them before they are cared for. Let everything be done in season.

Tomatoes should be canned the same day they are picked, and not be permitted to grow over-ripe; if they are stale, or too ripe, they will be found either insipid or having a bitter taste when the cans are opened. A friend of ours keeps tomatoes all winter. She dissolves about one teacupful of salt to every gallon of water, putting this weak brine in a small keg made for the purpose. She plucks the tomatoes as soon as they are barely ripe, and leaves a little of the stem on. They must be kept well covered with the brine, and a light weight on top. She keeps tomatoes thus until spring. It is a treat to eat them sliced in sweetened vinegar in the months of March and April.

Sometimes as I sit writing these things for my sister-women to read, I stop and think of all the requirements of a good housewife. One who will "look well to the ways of her household," who will manage and economize, and "take time by the forelock," who uses strategy, and shrewdness, and wisdom, why such a woman is more than a general!

And yet she'll pass through a long, toilsome life, and be laid in an out-of-the-way grave, and the briars will grow viciously over the neglected spot, and the heart-wounds will heal, and she will be to this work-a-day life what the hill-side plough or the worn-out sugar evaporator has been in its day—a useful tool that served its time, and has been left in the furrow, or outside a roofless shed, to the mercy of the sun and the storm and the rust.

These are sad thoughts that will come to us, struggle as we may against the unwelcome truth. They pain us, and we shrink from them as we would from the surgeon's knife or the merciless cauterizer, and our tears fall—wherefor? Sometimes the pen drops from my hand, and I lean my head on my desk, and in tears my thoughts go out, reaching for something to say to such women that will be to them like a tonic, something that will raise them up to a higher atmosphere, and give them clearer vision and a more permanent spiritual strength. I would say something that would abide with them. I would lift up their hands, and gladden their hearts, and do them good. But my own wings are broken, my vision clouded, and my poor thoughts earthy.

A day will dawn, too, which no night will succeed; then the weary hearts and the working hands and the aching heads will be at rest, and a "light that is not of sea or land," will make plain all those dark things over which we stumble now, and rising, fall again.

I saw a very pretty thing yesterday at a neighbor's—a long-trained vine of nasturtium, full of buds and flowers and young seed-clusters—broken close off down to the ground, and the stem set in water, in which were a few lumps of charcoal. It stood in a sunny sitting-room, between two windows, and was trained up to run around a picture, and up over the top of one of the windows, and hang down lavishly then. I clapped my hands over the sight. It had been rejoicing the inmates of the house nearly a fortnight, and was just as fresh and sweet as its other half, which was trained over a shrub in the door-yard.

Meadow lilies can be broken off and the stalks set in water, and they will open new flowers the same as though they were out in the life-giving atmosphere.

This is a good time to gather leaves and swamp-grasses, and all kinds of pretty things.

I have told you this before, but I so want your homes to be beautified in the winter with drooping bouquets and grasses, that I am tempted to remind you of it again. After gathering your material for bouquets, arrange them in small bunches to suit your taste, the tallest in the centre, then put them safely in a dark room to dry.

Some of you women who have leisure would be glad perhaps to know how to make frosted fruit. I think it is nice, and I would have told you long ago, only I was afraid the fathers and grandfathers wouldn't like me for it, and would say, "I r'a'lly did

think better o' Pipsey than that; I thought she had more sense than to be a-foolin' 'round in that sort o' style, puttin' mischief in yer heads, an' leadin' ye into all sorts o' nonsense." That's the reason I didn't tell you long ago. The old men always liked me, ever since I was a little girl, and I don't want to lose their good-will, bless them! good old hard-handed, sunburnt fathers and grandfathers.

That was all I had to feel good over when I was young. Little girls would coax me to go home with them from school, and stay all night, by saying, "Papa, he likes you so! He never talks or reads to any other little girl but you!" or, "Do come, daddy says you're so stiddy an' old-fashioned, he likes you!" This long-ago praise has made me walk pretty straight. Sometimes it did me good, those homely terms of encouragement; and so, to this day, I care very materially for what the fathers and grandfathers think of me. I guess I do like them, too!

Well, we'll hold our heads down, and "speak low, good woman," while I tell you this thing that the kings might dub as frivolous.

To prepare frosted fruit, take ripe plums, grapes or cherries; leave part of the stem on; have in one dish some white of egg beaten, and in another some powdered loaf-sugar; take up the fruit, one at a time, and roll them first in the egg and then in the sugar, lay them on a sheet of white paper, in a sieve, and set it on top of a stove or near a fire till the icing is hard. To crystallize plums, take out the seeds and put one pound of plums to a half-pound of sugar, cook them to a pulp, then spread on broad dishes to dry; pack them away in glass jars. When wanted to serve, take a little and roll in powdered sugar, the shape of plums. Very nice, but trifling business, I think. (I add this latter clause to conciliate the dads.)

There is nothing hurts me worse than to see a child whipped—to hear the shrill "You little brat!" and the thud! thud! of an angry hand on the poor little writhing body. We have always held to the belief that though a small child, rebellious and wilful, does have to be punished sometimes, this warfare should end as soon as a child is old enough to understand, say at the age of two or three years.

The stubborn will should be subdued by that time, and if it has been judiciously trained—carefully and lovingly and wisely and prayerfully trained, from that time it can be easily managed.

At the very age that I, Pipsey Potts, would be breaking the will of a child, bending the pliant little twig, parents are generally hiding their mouths behind their hands, and grinning most egregiously over the pat sayings and doings, the awkward oaths, and the pert, irreverent answers of the "cute little darlings." That is the time the bad seed is sown. I have no patience with such foolish blindness.

I was visiting, a few years ago, at the pretty house of kind relatives, who had adopted a little boy. He waxed fat under the euphonious name of Elmer

Ellsworth. He sat at table between his proud parents, swigging his two cups of strong coffee, and issuing orders in a loud voice, to the right and the left, with all the pomp and dignity of a superior officer. No matter what we were conversing about, he paid no attention, but talked on, as though he must be heard, at least. His father would have to drop the conversation and turn to Ellsworth. He would make pert replies to his parents, and the weak mother would tell him what to say to his father; perhaps make a fist and say, "smell your master;" or, "you dry up;" or, "we've heard enough out o' you!"

I could hardly endure it. I took occasion to tell them that they were most surely "sowing the wind, and sometime, maybe when they were bent with age, they would reap the whirlwind."

They only laughed and said, "he'll get over that! he's so cute; he can't stand a cross word, it nearly kills him!"

Last summer those relatives paid us a visit. I said: "Does Elly make a manly little boy?"

"Manly! I think he is! See, he's goin' on twelve year old, now. He don't incline to study, though he'll be a real business man—money-making and sharp. I gave him a two-year-old colt last spring, and he rides it every where he goes. It's not much walkin' he does now. He rides off sometimes and will be gone all day, and comes galloping home in the evening, always in time to do up his chores."

And here the relative smiled, as though he thought that was a clincher in proving the boy's good character.

"Sometimes," said the mother, "he does give Jim (the father) the cutest answers. Now, the evening before we left home, Jim, he was sitting smoking after tea, and he asked Elly if he had fed the pigs. Elly said no. After while Jim said, 'come, you tend to the pigs, son.' I do wish you could have seen the look he gave his father as he answered, just as cute, 'why, you're not doing anything yourself, Jim.' I had to turn away and laugh, and it did take Jim down so. Any one who gets ahead of Elmer Ellsworth will have to rise before the lark, that's so." And the poor, blind, misguided man and woman shook themselves, like wet dogs, with real jolly laughter.

It did no good to talk to them of the peril that surely lies before them and theirs. Alas, for the whirlwind they must reap!

I am almost ashamed to tell it, but it is the truth, that I was so worried with their utter blindness, their stupidity on this momentous theme, that I became sick while they were here, and was not able to wait on them, or help make their visit a pleasant one. I had a spell of nervous headache, that for two days was as much as my physical system could endure.

When I see parents in the full possession of sound minds laying the foundation for the utter ruin of their innocent, God-given children, I feel like tearing away from all restraint and endeavoring, with

the zeal of a monomaniac, to convince them of their great mistake. And yet, of all people who labor under a delusion, a blind, mistaken, over-loving parent is the most dogmatic and egotistical and absurd. They won't be convinced, they know you are in error and they are right. What a pity that such a reckoning must come as does.

One evening last summer I sat propped up in the rocking-chair, weak and debilitated, recovering from a severe attack of headache.

I was sitting alone in the twilight, when a hesitating step came up to the door. I coughed to let the visitor know that the room had an occupant, and said, "Come in; feel just at the left side of the door and you will find a chair. Never mind ceremony, who ever you may be, come in. I do not recognize your voice; I am Miss Potts."

"No; you don't know my voice—you never heard it but once; I was ten years old then, I am a man now;" said the strong, full voice, rich and musical.

Just then lights were brought in, and in the stranger I saw a fine-looking man, tall and bronzed and graceful. I was reassured, and said: "Tell me when we met, and where."

"Why, you were visiting at Julia Sherman's, in the little village of Lynde, twenty years ago; you stayed there three days. There were not more than six or eight houses in the village, and one sunny afternoon you and Julia were going to visit Cedar Falls and the Point, and you invited all the boys and girls in the village to join you. We little folks were made as happy as we could hold; invited by two young ladies to accompany them in an afternoon ramble, filled our cups full to the brim. I never spent a happier time; we didn't have to behave—one was just as good as another, and we all had the most perfect liberty to run and jump, and hallo, and 'cut up' as much as we wanted to. I remember how you fired up that afternoon, how you climbed from one rock to another, and crept into inaccessible places, and leaped from crag to crag like a wild cat. We all explored caves, and gathered specimens, and selected the finest mosses, and then in the pretty moonlight evening we all went to Centre Hall to a country singing-school. I have never forgotten that enjoyable adventure of my childhood, it often comes up before me, and I resolved, if I ever came to Pottsville, that I would call and look upon your face, and thank you for the pleasure of that long-ago afternoon and evening. I was a poor, ragged little boy, then," and his voice faltered. "I have always read your stories and your 'Windows,' and I seemed to see you as you were then. I couldn't think of you only as the plump, rosy, romping girl, not the thin, pale woman on whose brow the vicissitudes of twenty added years have set their seal."

I said, "Have the years dealt kindly with you?"

"I have been blest and prospered, and am happy," was his answer.

The next day I chanced to remark to an acquaint-

ance that Mr. — had called here, and we were pleased with him.

The friend said, hesitatingly, "Yes, I used to attend school where he did;" and here he puckered up his mouth wisely, as much as to say, "Oh, if you only knew what I do!"

Now I meant "to spike his gun" by pretending that I had not observed this ungentlemanly insinuation at all; that's the way to manage such people. But the deacon, the dear, unsophisticated old lamb, he didn't know, and he laid the way open immediately by saying, very unwisely: "Was he the right sort of a boy?"

"Perhaps he was, and perhaps he wasn't," said our immaculate friend, Mullethead, and he looked as sanctimonious as though he thought the heavens might open any minute, and a chariot come down to escort him up just as he was in the flesh.

Oh, that deacon! that deacon! I coughed, and hemmed, and touched his shank with the toe of my gaiter softly down under the table, but it was of no use. His poor human curiosity was excited, and he was in the pursuit of that knowledge which enlightens the darkened understanding, and he didn't mind a hint at all.

"Was he quarrelsome?" queried the deacon, leaning over and smiling.

"Well—no; he wasn't exactly quarrelsome, but he felt most mighty big. While we other boys would be out enjoying a good lively game, that fellow'd sit in the house and study, and study; he'd hardly allow himself time to eat his dinner. He was selfish, too, and carried his head up as though he thought he was made of better stuff than common boys."

"Did he use profane language, or had he any bad habits that made him unfit for an associate?" said I, warmly.

"Well, no, can't say that he had; none of us wanted to 'sociate with him, though—he felt too important."

"Was that all you had against the poor boy? If it was, it is very easy to account for that little peculiarity. You know they were very poor people, he had no advantages in his childhood, and his father was a man of intemperate habits. Now it is the easiest thing in the world for a poor boy, situated thus, to grow morbid. He stands well in good society to-day; he has fought his way up through adverse circumstances, little by little, step by step; he stands a brave, reliant, self-made man; his influence is felt in society; he is doing a good work. And now, Mr. Mullethead, don't you throw out any vague hints, don't you insinuate by word, or look, or a significant sniff of your nose, that you know something about the poor fellow that you could tell if you would. It is unkind; you are not doing as you would be done by. What you set down against his young manhood as a fault, an evil, really is the very opposite. Don't you know that conscious worth makes its possessor dignified? That he cannot help it? If he had no desire to play with you boys at school, if he felt that

time was all too short for the work he had to do, the ends he had to attain, then he wouldn't feel like leaving his books for the recreation he didn't need. His aim was doubtless to acquire all the education he could before his trade was learned; he wanted to improve the fleeting moments."

It is so easy, by look, or word, or deed, to prejudice other minds, that we cannot be careful enough. See how much injury an idle insinuation may inflict upon a stranger, or one who comes into our vicinity with no predilections in his favor. Watch, and see and hear the idle hints thoughtlessly spoken, seed dropped by the wayside that will spring up and bear an hundred fold.

I remember two instances now that happened in a good family—a family who would scorn to wrong any one.

A young physician came to Pottsville; he was a stranger; no one knew aught against him. His deportment was gentlemanly; he attended church, and Sabbath-school, and the literary society, and seemed to be the very man to fill a niche that had long been vacant in Pottsville. At old Father Bell's anniversary party, the young doctor was discussed, or rather dissected.

"What did you say his name was?"

"Carpenter."

"Oh, I do wonder if he's any connection of old Jethro Carpenter, who was hung in the Illinois for horse-stealing?" said one of the good old busybodies.

"Why Jethro is this man's name," said another, dropping knife and fork, and rolling up his eyes horror-stricken.

"I'll bet it's a son o' hisen!"

"Well, I shouldn't wonder. Old Jethro had a very big Roman nose," said the first speaker.

"So has this 'un! Eh-heh!"

The story spread, it gained, it grew into wonderful proportions; people stared at the young doctor; they peeped round corners at him, they leered, they curled their lips after a wise fashion, they cast prying glances sideways; and at last the poor fellow, lacking the vim to stay and live down the aspersion, as a positive man would have done, yielded weakly, and bowed, and broken, and humiliated, returned to the place of his nativity, wounded for life.

And all this came of one idle word—a word induced by no provocation, no spite, just carelessly dropped in thoughtless, aimless conversation.

Another instance. A poor widow rented an out-of-the-way cabin, and took in spinning, and did washings, and worked bravely to keep her family of three from want. Her name was Maria Warner. After while a story was going the rounds. When Maria was first married, she had stolen a blue teacup from a sick neighbor; her own set was spoiled because one of the cups was broken, and she fretted about it; and this neighbor's set was just like her own. She couldn't stand the temptation that assailed her; she slipped the cup into her pocket in a weak moment, and took it home with her. But that night she couldn't sleep, nor the next night, her conscience

troubled her so, and then she carried the cup back, and honestly confessed her fault to her injured neighbor.

This was the story—the truth—only the neighbor didn't keep the secret, as she was in sacred duty bound to do. She told it with sundry blinks, and winks and grimaces. Wherever the poor family moved the tale followed after. Oh, it was such a pity! We should all pray, saying—

"The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

Ill-disposed children cast this pitiful thing into the faces of the widow's little ones at school; wealthy farmers' wives curled their lips, saying, "I want no one about my house whose coming makes me watch and count my teacups."

Many years ago, three young men, in daring bravado, and under the maddening influence of strong drink, waylaid and gagged a drover and tried to rob him. None of the young men were vicious, or really wicked or reckless. Under proper restraint, and a wise, humane, loving, Christian influence, each

one would have made a good man, and been a blessing to the world. They were sorry, and essayed to live down the grave crime they had committed. Lately, when the name of one of them was mentioned at a dinner-table as being in the neighborhood, engaged in an honorable and lucrative employment, the father of the family said, "Carl Lanning! in our vicinity! Why, isn't that the name of one of the young would-be murderers of a few years ago? Surely, it is," and then followed a particular relation of the whole affair in the presence of a table full of men and women, who had never heard it before.

How wicked and wilful and uncalled for! Why should people, praying, peace-loving people, be so willing and anxious to retail gossip that blights, and sometimes kills another, and does no one any good.

Let us look well, then, to the idle words that fall heedlessly from our lips. Let us ponder before we speak, and see that we say nothing to injure another. Let us not deal in arrows tipped with poison; let us seal our lips in sacred silence, if we cannot speak well and kindly of others.

MARY STUART.

ACROSS THE SOLWAY, AND ON THE SCAFFOLD.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

THE battle of Langside was over. The beautiful Scotch May-day had been fouled with the smell of powder and darkened with solid lines of spears, and through the clear, sweet northern air had rung all day the sounds of the deadly encounter—the spears crossing and locking—the sharp, thick pistol-shots, the crash of the field-pieces, the clatter of cavalry, and the moans of the wounded and dying.

That battle had settled the fate of the young queen, Mary Stuart, and ended her reign in Scotland. She had watched it, with only three or four attendants, from a hill half a mile distant. She knew that crown and throne hung on the issue of that battle, in the soft spring day, on the long, straggling hill, which made the village of Langside. Only two miles off was old Glasgow, and the cool breezes from the banks of the Clyde must have wandered across the face of the beautiful woman, as, mounted on her horse, she watched the way the battle went; she knew that on it hung tremendous issues for herself. Yet she could not look up the next twenty years as we can, and see that they were to take their whole shape and coloring from that day at Langside.

Mary Stuart's half-brother, the regent, James Murray, was at the head of the enemy's forces. They were better armed and better appointed, and they outnumbered the queen's. It is true, that most of the nobility, "the chivalry, the sentiment of Scotland," were on her side. On Murray's were the Protestant lords, the middle classes, the farmers and yeomanry, the bold riders of the border, around whom Scott has thrown the spell of his genius.

When Murray's proclamation went ringing among the hills and along the banks of the Clyde, they had flown to arms. It took short warning for that. The stern Northern men had only to "buckle their sword-belts, put on their steel caps and breast-plates, strap a wallet, stuffed with cold meat and bread, behind their saddles," and they were ready for a week's fight.

Mary's army, composed chiefly of the nobility and their retainers, was full of the old national feuds, factions and ambitions. Each nobleman had his private schemes and animosities, and no single, passionate purpose fired them as one man, into a great unity of action on that day at Langside.

They fought like brave men, it is true; but they lacked a leader with those supreme qualities of head and heart, which would have commanded the obedience of the whole army. Every little while some old fierce jealousy flamed out among the proud Northern nobles. "The followers of one lord would not obey another."

So they had come up the long lane, which made the village street, "horse and foot together, a mere huddling crowd, till they were between the houses, when the arquebuse-men, at close quarters, poured in their fire from behind the walls. Still they struggled forward. The leading companies, though desperately cut up, forced their way at last through the village to the open ground above, where they were faced by Murray's solid lines—and there, for three-quarters of an hour, they stood and fought."

The fate of the battle, however, hung upon the

squadron of horse which Lord Herries, the queen's protector, brought up the hill, sweeping round from the left.

For awhile he had carried all before him, but when Murray's warriors burst in suddenly to the rescue, the tide of battle was turned.

A panic seized the queen's lines. They broke up, scattered, and ran. The Highlanders, who had hovered on the outskirts of the fight, now burst with fierce cries upon the demoralized troops, and would have made short work of them if Murray's stern commands had not stayed the carnage.

And Mary Stuart, watching on the hill, in the pleasant May sunshine, knew that the battle of Langside was lost.

She was a woman brave as she was beautiful. Whatever were the faults of Mary Stuart, her splendid courage was unquestionable. It seemed as though no peril could shake the nerves of that delicate, graceful figure.

And all the courage, the tact, the prompt energies to meet the occasion, which she had inherited from Tudor and Guise and Stuart, were needed after that battle of Langside.

She turned swiftly—in all Scotland there was probably no finer horsewoman in that year, fifteen hundred and sixty-eight—what a musty scent seems to cling to the old syllables as we speak them—and galloped off, with the three or four followers who had watched with her on the hill, to see how the battle went at Langside.

Only a few days before she had escaped in the twilight from Lochleven. All the long, dreary months of her captivity in the round-tower of the Castle of Lochleven, with the long, narrow slits of windows, and the blue sky overhead and the blue waters below, must have risen up before the queen, who had just lost crown and throne, with a sickening dread.

She loved liberty, like the eagles of her Northern mountains; though the Scotch queen had come back to her native home with a foreign heart, and the prospect of a second imprisonment must have lent fresh speed for her flight, as she struck her spurs into her horse, and bore away straight for Dumbarton. She had been eager to reach it ever since that swift midnight-flight from Lochleven.

But the fates were against her. She had watched the tide of battle too long on the hill half a mile away.

"The country had risen, and all the roads were beset. Along the by-paths the peasants cut at her with reaping-hooks. The highway was occupied by Murray's horse," and Mary Stuart knew that if she fell this time into the hands of those stern Scottish lords, even her brother could not save her life.

At that moment, if ever, a throb of terror shook the heart of the woman. Perplexed and harassed, she turned her horse's head southward, and made for Galloway by the sea. The way of escape would be open there from the land of her birth, and the kingdom of which she had been crowned queen.

She had only six attendants in that wild flight across the country, and one was the little foundling page, who, in the dim twilight, had swept the keys from his master's plate at Lochleven, and unlocked the castle gates, out of which Mary Stuart went to her short-lived freedom, and to the long captivity, which was to end at last on the scaffold.

It was a long, terrible gallop across the wild Scotch country, over its fens and heathery moors, and through its wildernesses, green with the fresh beauty of the May—night and day she bore on, as if death was behind her. Ninety-two miles she rode, and when she slept at all, it was to stretch the delicate limbs, which had been used to the fine linens and the soft royal couches of France, on the bare ground. She had oatmeal and buttermilk for her food—she, whose dainty lips had sipped from golden goblets the choicest wines of the world.

On the third day after the battle the long, breathless race was over, and Mary Stuart drew rein at Dundrennan Abbey, on the banks of the Solway.

Let us stop a moment and look at her, as she stands there in the spring twilight. In all history there is hardly a more tragic figure than that of the young queen. She is only a little past the boundary of her twenty third birthday. Born of a long line of Scotch kings, receiving with almost her first infant cry the crown which dropped from her dead father's brow, bred at the French court, and married in the earliest bloom of her girlhood to the Dauphin, she had mounted the throne, and for two years that young forehead had shone fair under the Scotch thistles and the lilies of France.

When her boy-husband died, she came in her fresh loveliness across the summer seas to the old Scotch home and the throne of her fathers.

Everybody knows what followed—the state marriage with the mean, miserable Darnley, and all the wretchedness that came of it, until all was ended in the awful tragedy at Kirk-a-Field. Then there was the birth of her child, and the swift marriage with Bothwell in the early sunrise, and all the scandal and shame and misery that came of it.

This is not the place to open the question of Mary Stuart's guilt or innocence. We all know that one class of historians lays to her charge the foulest of crimes, and that another, with passionate eloquence, draws her portrait as the saint, sweetest and most wronged of modern history. Through the centuries the battle has gone on over her memory, and it has not ceased with our own time.

But, however historians may differ as to the real character of the woman, none can fail to look at her with interest, as she stands on the Solway in the spring evening and listens to the stormy dash of the waves on the sands, and looks far across to the green banks on the other side, and thinks that there is England. Whether in that long, breathless gallop across the country, or whether in looking over the Solway to the pleasant English shores, the thought first entered Mary Stuart's soul that she would turn there for rescue and protection no historian, so far

as I know, has ever told us. Perhaps she could not herself.

Yet, if we take into consideration for a moment her position at that time, and all the circumstances which surrounded her; remembering, too, the kind of woman she was herself, the dash, the romance, the impetuosity of her temperament, there will be nothing surprising that this course should have suggested itself to Mary Stuart's mind, and that the more she turned it over in her thoughts the more attractive it seemed to her.

Her fortunes in Scotland were at that moment at the lowest ebb. She had witnessed, three days before, the utter defeat of her army on the hill at Langside, and she knew that, broken and scattered as the royal forces were, it would be a long time before they could rally again under her banners.

Indeed, Mary Stuart may have received a new impression of Scotch character, and it may have dawned on her, for the first time, during that long flight from Langside that her case, without foreign aid, was hopeless in Scotland.

The disrowned, dethroned queen must have looked to the armies of France or of England to restore her to her place and state.

But in the meantime where was she to go? Look at her, standing there in the old gown, torn with her long scramble over bush and brier; remember that she was the daughter of one king, the widow of another, the great granddaughter of a third, and that she was so young still, only twenty-three, and held her own fate for the last time in her hands, as she stood on the banks of the Solway.

There was France. The widow of her dead king had claims on his mother and his brothers, which they could hardly ignore, when she, who had worn the crown, stood a beautiful suppliant at the foot of the throne; but Mary Stuart knew the dark, subtle, vindictive nature of her Italian mother-in-law, Catherine de Medici.

The two women had never loved each other. The queen-mother's deepest humiliations had come from the proud Guise race of whom Mary sprung.

The keen and crafty Italian woman might find her day of vengeance when her daughter-in-law, driven from her own kingdom, went to Catherine de Medici for protection and help.

There were cloisters in France, whence escape might not be so easy as Mary had found it from the thick castle walls of Lochleven. Yet the long confinement there must have given her a terrible dread of captivity.

Of the six uncles who had virtually governed France when, less than four years before, Mary Stuart came sailing, in her lovely young widowhood, over the summer seas to Scotland, three were dead now; and the boy-king on the French throne was governed by his crafty mother.

Mary Stuart was brave enough, but plainly, when the question came home to her, she did not quite dare to go to France.

Behind her was Scotland, stern, fierce and stormy with passions and vengeance.

It was Mary Stuart's misfortune that her French education and her own temperament both prevented her from seeing how the murder of Darnley and the marriage with Bothwell clung to her like a dark fate in the minds of the common people.

She had been bred in the most corrupt court atmosphere of Europe. The absolute irresponsibility of sovereigns had been the first article of her creed. She held it to her death. She was above all human tribunals. No outrage on right, justice or humanity authorized any mortal to pass judgment on the conduct of one who came of the royal line.

The most heinous charges might be brought against her, but when she denied them "on the word of a queen," no mortal voice must be raised in dissent. Sovereigns were only responsible to God for their deeds.

Monstrous as this doctrine is in the eighth decade of the nineteenth century, there was not a court in Europe where this creed was not held in the sixteenth.

Mary Stuart never comprehended the new movement of the age in which she was born, nor how the teachings of the Reformers had awakened a new sensitiveness in the national conscience. The murder of Darnley, the marriage with Bothwell—these were the plague-spots which clung to her. With all her youth and beauty, with many generous and lovable qualities, these two acts had outraged the national instincts, and were at the bottom of her lost throne and crown, and of the defeat at Langside.

That Mary Stuart, when she stood that night on the banks of the Solway, had a large party still in Scotland, devoted to her cause, nobody familiar with the history of the times can doubt.

But the stern, rugged heart of the Scotch nation was not with her; and it was the common people, in their steel bonnets and breastplates, who decided matters when it came to the field of battle.

But Mary Stuart could not comprehend this. In France the people were little better than slaves or beasts of burden. That these should dare to pronounce a verdict on the conduct of their sovereign was, in her eyes, simply monstrous. She was a queen; she never forgot that, from her cradle to her scaffold.

She was a woman of no ordinary acuteness, however, and she must have seen the perils which awaited her if she remained in Scotland in the present condition of the national temper.

Her own party, as we have seen, was full of factions and rivalries. She must inevitably be more or less hampered and harassed by these, and the very air was full of treason. She could not be certain of many of her followers; nor what mine might spring up beneath her feet at any moment.

And there, just across the Solway, lay the green, English coast, of which Mary Stuart believed herself the rightful queen. From her cradle the grandchild of Margaret, the eldest of the daughters of Henry

VII., had been taught that the English crown was her birthright.

It is true that Elizabeth Tudor sat on the throne and that the daughter of Anne Boleyn had many wrongs to complain of. Had not Mary Stuart usurped the English queen's title and her arms when wife of the Dauphin? Had not the French king prepared his army and navy to descend upon the English coast, harry the land with fire and sword, hurl the daughter of the king's mistress from her throne, and place on it the rightful heir, his own beautiful daughter-in-law?

And Elizabeth Tudor knew all this better than any other; "knew that her crown had been claimed, her policy thwarted, her subjects tampered with, and that the most passionate desire of Mary Stuart's heart had been to humble her rival into the dust."

Yet, with all the world before her to choose, Mary Stuart finally concluded to throw herself on the hospitality of her English kinswoman. There were many reasons which inclined her to this decision. She knew that she numbered her friends in England by thousands; that a large party of Elizabeth's subjects believed that the crown which rested on the brow of Anne Boleyn's daughter belonged of right to Mary Stuart.

The Scotch queen had naturally a very high estimate of her personal fascinations, and perhaps she did them no more than justice. She had always been desirous of showing herself at the English court, and throwing around the nobles the spell of her personal charms—fair daughter of the Guises, her education at the French court had not been in vain!—and she probably expected to exert a powerful influence over her kinswoman. And Elizabeth, with her constitutional vacillation, had not shone to good advantage in her relations with her cousin.

This bold movement was precisely what suited the ardent temper of Mary's genius.

"She saw herself, in imagination, kneeling at Elizabeth's feet before the assembled barons of England, an injured and beautiful suppliant flying for protection against her rebellious subjects. A few passionate words would dispel the calumnies which clouded her fame. A thousand swords would leap from their scabbards to avenge her, and she would return in triumph to Scotland, escorted by the English chivalry."

This seems to have been the picture which glowed in Mary's imagination. If her cooler judgment suggested that there might be another side to the picture, she must have thought it could not fail to be brighter than the dark, stormy, uncertain present. In England, at least, her life would not be in peril; and, at the worst, if Elizabeth would not receive her, she must allow her kinswoman to pass unmolested to the continent.

Then Mary Stuart could not probably quite shake herself free from the contempt with which she had been brought up to regard the younger daughter of Henry VIII.

Mary knew that she was an anointed queen, and

she did not imagine that Elizabeth would dare, if she desired, to restrict her cousin's movements.

With Mary Stuart to decide was to act. Lord Herries, who had followed her on her long ride from Langside to the Solway, attempted to expostulate with her. He could hardly share Mary's security regarding her reception in England. He was uneasy about this sudden movement, and wanted her to consider the opposing possibilities.

But Mary was resolute. During the long captivity whose remembrance chafed and maddened her, Elizabeth had been her friend, espoused her cause, pitied her condition, and sent her the kindest messages and promises of protection; sincere enough at the time, no doubt. And Mary Stuart, rash and confident, was going now to prove them.

On Sunday morning she stood on the banks of the Solway. It was the sixteenth of May. She had given herself but a solitary night's rest after that long, terrible ride; but, despite her grace and luxurious habits, she could endure an amount of fatigue and excitement which would have strained the nerves of the stoutest border-trooper.

An open fishing-boat was rocking on the waves; and Mary stood on the sands in the very dress in which she had made her escape from Langside. Yet the beautiful face and the queenly air shone through all disguises. Her small train, about sixteen persons in all, stood around her. If she could have seen, if they could, to what she was going in that pleasant May morning, with the English shores smiling green in the distance! How the dark years and the darker end loom up before the woman, who stands there a moment on the sands in her youth and loveliness and rash confidence! Does she think of the pleasant home at Stirling, of the boy—poor Darnley's boy!—she is leaving behind? What dreams of ambition, what hopes of vengeance crowded the thoughts of the woman, as she stood there on the Solway sands, one of the fairest, saddest figures of history! But the signal is given, and she steps into the open fishing-boat, and Mary Stuart has stood for the last time on Scottish soil.

Her train follows, and the boat, with its royal freight, goes rocking over the Solway in the soft May day, and in the evening it lands at Workington, and Mary Stuart steps out for the first time on English soil. Nineteen years later she will leave it, not by the Solway, but by the harder way of the scaffold.

Yet, at the first, Mary Stuart's most sanguine expectations were realized. Her coming could not be kept a secret; and the northern counties went half wild with joyful excitement when the post-riders clattered in among the pleasant towns and villages with the marvellous tidings that the heiress of the crown, the true queen, as many of the Catholics regarded her, was in their midst.

She held a little court among the northern noblemen and squires during those first days when she remained in Carlisle, and all the country came pouring in to see the beautiful woman and listen to her

story, and go away half-frenzied between wrath and pity over her wrongs.

The first shadow which fell upon Mary Stuart after her entrance into England must have been the news which came from court, taking her by surprise, that Elizabeth declined for the present to see her kinswoman.

We cannot follow the long story which has been told so often and so well—the story of disappointments, and hopes deferred, of broken promises, of plots and treasons which spread their meshes not over England alone but over all Europe.

Yet, in those long, dreary years of her captivity, nobody ever came to the help of the Scotch queen against the English one; not the son who grew to his young manhood, and sat on his mother's throne; not the slow Philip, in whose armies she fondly trusted to deliver her; not her own relatives, the proud Guises, who governed France, and bent the king and the crafty queen-mother, more or less, to their wills; not any of the royal house of Valois, among whose lilies she had twined the thistles of Scotland. Some of these, at least, burned to rescue Mary Stuart from her long captivity; but a spell, a mysterious evil fate, seemed to hang on every effort which was made in her behalf.

Many a gallant young knight, fired with enthusiasm, laid his head on the scaffold, branded with a traitor's name, for her sake.

All kinds of plans for her rescue were laid through those long nineteen years; but they all failed. No matter how secretly the threads were spun, the mine was laid, the plot was sure to miscarry at some fatal moment. In vain kings conspired for her sake, and nobles hazarded their lives for her deliverance.

The years went on, and no armies landed on English soil, and Mary Stuart still pined in captivity, though it was for the most part an easy and honorable one. And in all those years the two queens and kinawomen never looked in each other's face.

The end came at last. It was a dreary winter afternoon, February 16th, 1587, when Kent and Shrewsbury, two of Elizabeth's trusted nobles, rode down to old Fotheringay Castle, charged with their awful message to Mary Stuart. The next morning she was to die on the scaffold.

She tried to take the dreadful tidings like a queen, but once or twice her human heart gave way, and she broke down, and they left her with a "fear that the next morning it might be necessary to drag her to the scaffold by violence."

They did their work with stern thoroughness in those old, cruel days, three centuries ago.

But when the morning looked through the tall, high windows of old Fotheringay Hall, Mary Stuart was ready; and so was the fire blazing brightly in the big chimney; and so a little way beyond was the great scaffold draped with black; and so was the masked headman on one side.

About three hundred people of quality had assembled in the great hall to witness the execution; and Mary Stuart came in among them, calm and proudly,

most like a queen. She walked up the long hall, in the breathless silence, in her robe of black satin and her veil of snowy lawn. Nineteen years had passed since she came in the pleasant May morning, with her young, high hopes and her glowing dreams, across the rough Solway. Yet the wonderful grace and charm of look and manner still clung to her as she laid down her head, in the prime of her womanhood, on the scaffold.

No tremor of fear shook her at the last. She said the prayers of the church with no tremble in her clear, solemn tones, and laid down, as though she were going to sleep, the head which had carried in its proud, beautiful youth the lilies of France and the thistles of Scotland.

And that was the end; and Mary Stuart, who came in the May morning over the Solway to England, went out of it in the winter one, nineteen years later, by the hard, swift way of the scaffold.

THE LORD OF THE LILIES.

BY MRS. L. M. BLINN.

AS I sit 'mid the bloom of lilies fair—
White lilies, given in trust to me—
A shadowy influence, strange and rare,
Floating and trembling along the air,
Sweet as the breath of the penitent's prayer,
Heralds the Lord of the lilies to see
If they thrive beneath my care!

Odors of sandal and spices fine,
Breathings from Lebanon's gardens sweet,
Rich as the breath of the dying vine
When its life is given to the ruddy wine;
And borne on the fragrance a voice divine:
"I come to my garden with hurrying feet;
Have ye cared for these sweets of mine?"

"Alas for my lilies, and woe to thee,
Faithless and blind to the holy trust!
In thy selfish love thou hast failed to see
How thy hot breath dimmed their purity—
Thou hast shut them away from the sunlight free,
And their whiteness is gathering mould and rust;
Could'st thou do no work for me?"

"Oh, faithless and blind! I take my own
Back to the gardens of spices fine!
In the cleansing waters of Lebanon
They shall put a beautiful freshness on,
And the light that shines from the Great White Throne
Shall gild their petals with bloom divine;
Henceforth they are mine alone!"

The floating fragrance and incense fine
Of sandal, and myrrh, and spices sweet,
Went softly on—and the voice divine
Melted, like echoes that rise and twine
With the zephyr's breath through the whispering pine,
As the Lord of the Lilies, with hurrying feet,
Took home what I thought was mine!

HE who refuses forgiveness, breaks the bridges
over which he must himself pass.

OUR FRIENDS' CLOSETS.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

EVERY one's closet holds and hides a skeleton. Some are very repulsive, some hideous, while others are merely dead things and cold, closely covered away from the glare of day and the prying eyes of the over-curious.

Oh, I think of the hidden skeletons until my soul grows sick in pity for the keepers who hold the keys of the closets!

One incident of years ago comes up to me often.

A young graduate from a theological seminary was on his way to an appointment, on the shores of the Pacific, and he called to pay us a last visit. His trunks were not brought up from the depot, and several times he had occasion to unlock them. One morning he came up from the depot with some books under his arm, the choicest selections from his library.

He laid them down, flung himself on a sofa, and sighed, saying, "It is strange how selfish some people are! I tried to be courteous toward Mr. Wellington, the agent at the depot, but he paid no attention to me. His eyes seemed to be looking beyond me, and his thoughts—if he had any—were far away. He should not be forgetful of the courtesy one gentleman owes another, and especially a servant of the public, as he is. I nodded to him, but I might as well have bowed to the dummy in the paper-muslin polonaise. And when I asked him about the new time-table, he looked at me as blankly as a catfish. I don't like your agent very well."

"Yes you do like him, very much, and you pity him most sincerely," said I, divining the truth. "He bears a great sorrow—all the joy of this life is gone from him forever."

The young divine started, and the expression of his face was pained.

I continued: "Mr. Wellington's heart was all bound up in his children. He had three little boys, bright, beautiful boys; and the babies were twin girls. He was as happy as a father could be—he was prospered and beloved and trusted, and life was full of enjoyment to him and his.

"One day last spring his little boys were playing in the upper story of the warehouse. The men about the building were filling cars with grain—they were in the lower story. The children were playing in the large hopper, from the bottom of which was a spout that conducted the wheat into the cars.

While the grain was pouring into the hopper, it was slowly running out. They knew not of the danger, those two little ones—the eldest and the youngest—and in merry play they lay on the treacherous surface and slowly sank; and then, when they tried to escape, it was impossible. They flung up their arms and cried, and their playmates reached out their hands and drew them, but the effort was vain, they could not rise, and with upreached arms and stifled cries, they slowly sank, and

were covered. The other children were all small, and did not realize the danger until it was too late. They called, but the noise of machinery deafened their cries. They ran down the stairs and made the men understand. They hurried up to the choking hopper; the little boys were buried out of sight, except a dear little white hand or two. There was no way of releasing them, except to throw out the grain with shovels, and that was a tedious work. They were taken out, and every effort made to restore them, but the beautiful little boys, whom we all loved so tenderly, would never meet us any more with their sweet, frank faces, and their brave, bright ways.

"This sorrow fell upon the proud young father crushingly—it was a terrible blow, and time never healed the wound or brought happiness to him afterward. They were buried in one grave, and in that dark grave all the hopes of his life went down, and the same green sod that covered the cold, white faces of his beloved dead shut out from him all the sunshine this earth held henceforth. He walks as if in a maze, a dream—his eyes scarcely see the things that greet our earthly vision; the sounds of trade and speculation, and the bustle and hurry of business seem to fall upon deaf ears.

"Do you wonder, now, that he hardly saw you—that he scarcely heard your voice?"

"I am sorry that I judged the poor man so unkindly," said my friend; "but we cannot see the skeletons that are hidden from our sight. Our words may often fall into breaking hearts like drops of acrid poison, when we would be glad to speak the sentence that would soothe and help and heal. I am very, very sorry that I tossed my head and treated the poor father so indifferently. With that love drawing him from earth, like a magnet of threefold power, he cannot long wear the shackles that fetter the earth-born."

We two sat in the summer twilight alone, and our thoughts went out to the stricken father, and the terrible death that robbed him of his treasures. The mournful song of the night-bird—the trill of the frogs in the pond, among the willows—the whirring of insect wings on the balmy air of the even—the piping music in the pines and cedars about the door, and the plaintive song of the whippoorwill on the gray eaves of the old house, all added a sadness to the memory of the story, and followed it like a mournful interlude.

This incident reminded the young divine of a similar one.

He said: "I filled an appointment once for a minister of my acquaintance. It was a dozen miles away from home, and I spent one night and a part of the day with one of the wealthiest and most influential families in the church. They were very kind people, but I could see that there was something

wrong—there seemed to be a painful degree of restraint—their thoughts were not with their words.

"The lady would sigh and look away, and start at every noise, and her hands would jerk and twitch nervously.

"I went from there feeling that I had been an unwelcome visitor in the deacon's family.

"But the cause of this strange trepidation was known to me in less than a week. There was a horrible skeleton hidden in their closet, and in trembling, and with the most abject fear they had been striving to, keep it covered away from the prying gaze of the world.

"It would have been a luscious morsel for the whetted appetite of the curious public.

"Their son, a promising young man in the full flush and pride of his young years, had fallen a victim to the allurements of the wine cup and the gaming-table. He had gone down low before his fond parents awoke to the truth. The delusion was no delusion to them until the whole reality was upon them with crushing weight.

"The night before I stayed there the poor victim had writhed and fought with that demoniac power, delirium tremens. No wonder the mother had started at every sound, and that her voice was weak and broken, and her eyes staring and sunken. It was as if she stood on a thin incrustation that might break through any instant and precipitate her into liquid fire.

"In a few days the wretched young man died. The cause and manner of his death were known only to a few tried friends.

"I was grieved when I heard of this. I had thought the family cold and selfish and meanly aristocratic at the time of my visit.

"This sad story of yours revives the half-forgotten circumstance.

"What a pity it is that we associate day after day with those who carry keys of skeleton closets, and we know it not, we know not the weight of the word or hint or insinuation that we drop carelessly—we may uncover wounds long hidden, or tear them open afresh, or probe them pitilessly."

Since the above incidents were written the last one of the three little brothers died; he grew strangely quiet and seemed to walk alone, then he pined slowly and grew pale and shadowy and fell asleep in the peace of death. A few months after, and the father of three little ones, "gone before," joined them, we trust, in a land of immortal freshness and beauty.

He never recovered from the terrible blow of seeing his darlings lying side by side, plump, and rosy, and dimpled, in that sleep that knows no waking.

While he lived he bore his sorrow weakly. At times it overwhelmed him, and he was as feeble as a child. Though he walked in our midst, and mingled in our plans, and gave us strong words of good cheer, there were no words of cheer for him, the arrow had entered his heart, and his steps were going down into the valley of death.

We cannot be careful enough in our judgment of those with whom we meet. We know not the thorns that beset the hidden path—the broken wings that are concealed, the wounded sides that are covered, the tears that bedew the midnight pillow, or the light words of mockery that disguise the wails of hopeless sorrow and agony.

Alas, for the calm, white faces that wear the mask of content, and only lay it aside in the closet that holds the sacred grief and the skeleton!

THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

"YOU remember Mrs. Weaver, who was so much admired, a few years ago, in Bristol; it was said she had made such a splendid match—she has separated from her husband. I have just returned from Brunswick, from a visit to the Gordons; they, too, live apart, though residing in the same house; neither of them are willing to bear the stigma of an open separation. Our friends, the Forays, middle-aged people though they are, have decided, within the past year, that they cannot live longer together. So it is. Complicated and delicate in its relations, you often find examples of the marriage state where all does not work smoothly. What wonder! Two people decide to live together in the closest relation all the years of their lives, without taking into account their separate individuality, which, unless remembered, will keep up continual friction, in one way or other, stirring up antagonism and separateness of existence.

"It is not true marriage. Bating exceptional cases

of real affinity and consequent harmony, I am convinced that the people who get along well together, either lack sensitiveness, or they must have taken the difficulties into consideration, and met them with real wisdom."

These quotations are from Aunt Cinda's letter, in answer to a troubled one from her niece.

Two years before Lucy Reyne had entered into marriage with Paul Dean, in some respects as one would form a business copartnership. She was to have all her rights, she premised. It is true, she said this with a pretty toss of her head, that looked very charming to Paul—but she meant every bit of it. She had always had her way, and that was what she called having her rights. It was easy enough promising to such a bright-faced woman as Lucy, not understanding all the promise must cover, so Paul said that none of her rights should be infringed upon.

Well, they were married, and went to housekeep-

ing in the cosiest way, and for the first few months were as happy as happy could be. But, at last, something went wrong.

One Friday night Lucy told her husband she was going home to Bristol, and asked him to come down Saturday night, and they would return together Monday on the morning train. He promised in good faith, but Saturday night he thought himself unusually tired, and without considering that his wife would be anxiously watching for him, he concluded not to go. Sunday was a blue day with him. He felt punished, and thought he would tell Lucy so when she came home.

He met her at the station, glad to see her; but when she learned that nothing of a serious nature had detained him, and that she had suffered unnecessary alarm, she was filled with indignation.

This was the first infringement of Lucy's rights. It obtruded itself on all occasions. She could not surmount that mountain, consequently other elevations continually succeeded. A single peep into the loom would have been sufficient. The carpet was certainly wrong side out.

Some tradition says that the thread which drew the angels from Paradise into evil, was, at first, as fine as a cobweb, but they did not resist it, and it grew as strong as a cable.

These were not had-hearted young people, but they had entered into a compact which they thought was to be carried out on a sunshiny and always pleasant road. They had made no allowance for clouds, or an occasional shower, so each fastened themselves to a rigid platform, which their uncompromising natures had built under them.

In her dilemma, Lucy wrote to Aunt Cinda for advice. How she replied, I have already told you; but it was all Hebrew to Lucy. "It might be very fine in theory, but, dear me, how was a mortal to put it into practice, especially with injustice and injured feelings to contend with?"

They had begun wrong. Neither could concede that the other was injured, and so the tangle could not be made straight. Paul proposed separation, he thought it sinful to go on in the way they were living. Lucy had to suffer a great deal before she could consent to this. She waited to see if matters would not get into a better state. But they were to come into this improved condition, without any yielding on either part. "A little endured, a little tolerated as a foible; and, lo, the jagged atoms fit like smooth mosaic." But there was no concession here.

Lucy, at last, went home, feeling that there was no chance for happiness now in the wide world. She had been defrauded. Paul was the ruthless man who had taken her daily bread from her lips, and left her starving.

Paul felt dissatisfied. At night inexpressible weariness came over him, and he often longed for the light, soft fingers at his temples to soothe it away. Men never bear such stings patiently; they must find some means to dissipate the thoughts of them.

Paul went to Europe.

Lucy stayed at home with an eating fire at her heart, consuming her.

Wandering over the storied lands of the East Paul Dean was led to much thought—he became a reflecting man. He never for an hour forgot Lucy. His affections were not of the transferable order, and he had truly loved his wife.

He stayed away a whole year, and when he returned, it was with the intention of seeking her and proposing an alliance on a new basis—that of mutual forbearance and tolerance.

In the meantime, Lucy, of the two, had changed most. She had secluded herself from society, and literally went about doing good. It was the only thing that brought her alleviation.

"Oh, if she had been less exacting," was the burden of her cry. If Paul would only come for her again she would be different, but she knew he never would. She had not once heard from him, nor did she ever expect to.

Paul Dean arrived at Bristol in the night. Morning found him on his way to the house of Lucy's father. It was a long walk, but he thought he needed it to fortify him for the coming interview, for he feared that he might find Lucy still unforgiving. Walking toward that point, hoping and fearing, he saw a span of bays running in his direction, at the top of their speed. The driver's seat was vacant. The carriage was occupied by a lady. Paul was, by nature, a manly man. The lady must be saved. He was no mean athlete; nature and practice had made him powerful in strength, and now he meant to test it. He fixed himself, and sprang forward, caught the horses by the bits and shouted. They reared and plunged, but they were arrested, and other help was at hand. He turned to the carriage, then; the lady was lying back, white and helpless. He took her out and carried her to the nearest dwelling, it was Aunt Cinda's, and laying her on a couch he still had her enfolded in his arms.

"My wife!" he breathed—then there was a long silence.

"Are you come for me, Paul?"

"Yes."

Another moment of quiet.

"We will live together all the years of our lives, will we not, Paul, forgiving and loving?"

"Yes, darling, we belong to each other now, we will try to forget self, entirely."

Long suffering had worked them good. A life of harmony lay open before them. The domestic loom they would, now, look well to, and the carpet be kept right side out.

SOCRATES, passing through the market, cried out, How much is here I do not need! Nature is content with little—grace with less: poverty lies in opinion; what is needful is soon provided, and enough is as good as a feast; we are worth what we do not want; our occasions being supplied, what would we do with more?

RELIGIOUS READING.

[The following selections are made from a new volume by Rev. Henry B. Browning, a minister of the Church of England, just published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. It is entitled "The New Theology; or, Advanced Truths on Spiritual Subjects."]

RIGHT VIEWS OF GOD.

THE very first and most important of all things for our spiritual welfare is that we should get and keep just and right views of God. Many, not only in heathen lands, but even in this country of Christian light, live under entire delusion as to what God is, and as to how God feels toward us, His poor sinful creatures—delusion which affects all their views, all their conduct, all their life. Oh! then how precious an attainment, how great a blessing it will be if we are enabled, by the light of God's Word and by the teachings of His Spirit savingly to know God.

"If ye, then, being evil," said our Lord, "know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father in Heaven give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" What is the great principle that is involved in these words? It is *this*: that the way to judge of God, and of God's feelings toward us, and of what God will do for us, is to look at the best, and purest, and kindest feelings of human parents, and to think that God is like all that; only that He is infinitely purer, kinder and better. That is the way to arrive at some faint notion of what God is, and of how God feels.

Such is the picture we should have in our minds of the Christian's God! Not the grim tyrant, not the rigorous and inflexible punisher, that some misguided and gloomy religionists worship and terrify their children with; not a being all severity, and wrath, and cursing, and woe; not a being hard and cold; not a being that damns little children, and then asks us to thank Him for doing it; not a being that made millions for sin and misery, and looks on in gloomy satisfaction as His poor creatures are consigned to hell, all for His glory. Call that black vision, conjured up by heartless logicians, as though they longed to drive man away from his Maker—call it Moloch or Juggernaut, if you will—but never dream that in that you see the Christian's God—the God revealed to our love and hope in the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ. No: our God is one who, while hating the sin, pities and loves the sinner; one who wills not that any should perish; one who would that His glory should be vindicated by our bliss and salvation; who "sent His Son into the world that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

NEARNESS OF THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

Every man has spiritual senses by virtue of being born an immortal spirit. They are the senses which come into operation the moment the physical body is laid aside and man enters the spiritual world. They are the senses by which he then holds intercourse with his fellow-beings, by which he sees, hears, touches and converses with spirits in the world, as he formerly held intercourse and conversed with men in the world. They are the eyes, the ears and the hands of his spiritual body; which spiritual body is within the mortal body while he lives on the earth.

Now these inward senses, which every one possesses, are capable of being opened or brought into conscious exercise whenever it pleases the Lord that they shall be; whenever any heavenly or divine purpose can be accomplished by it. And whenever they are thus brought into exercise in any one, then the spiritual world around us immediately becomes visible to that individual; he sees some of its inhabitants and hears them speak.

In early ages this open intercourse with the spiritual world was common. Such is the state that all the prophets of the Old Testament were in when they had their visions. They were said to be in holy vision. They conversed with angels and had many heavenly things shown to them. A vision, as applied to them, and in its real sense, means something that is distinctly seen. A vision is not a mere dream, as some may be apt to fancy, but a visible reality actually seen; as we are told concerning the women at the sepulchre, that they had seen a *vision of angels* who had told them that the Lord had risen from the dead. And John, in the Revelation, declares over and over again, in relation to the things there described, that he *saw and heard* them: "I, John, saw these things and heard them"—a declaration which is repeated many times in this book and in other parts of the Bible.

Hence, in ancient times, the prophets were called "seers," because there was opened in them the capacity of seeing what to other men is invisible—the spiritual world and its inhabitants.

In the 24th chapter of Numbers we read of Balaam, the Syrian prophet, who foretold the grandeur of Israel: "The man whose eyes were opened hath said."

Another striking instance is found in the 6th chapter of the 2d Kings, where the Syrian army had come down against Dothan, where the prophet Elias was, to take him prisoner: "And when the servant of the man of God had risen early and gone forth, behold a host encompassed the city, both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, 'Alas, my master, how shall we do?' And he answered, 'Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.' And Elisha prayed, and said, 'Lord, I pray Thee, open his eyes that he may see.' And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw: and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots round about Elisha."

That was the angelic host encamped around about the man of God to deliver him. They were invisible at first to the young man; but when his spiritual eyes were opened, he saw what was before invisible to him in his ordinary state of vision. For a time he became a seer as Elisha was.

Elisha's young man did not have to be transported to a great distance through space to have those things shown him; the ancient prophets did not have to be transported; nor did John, in the Isle of Patmos, have to be so carried, in order to have Heaven opened to him. They each remained in their place and saw all by the spiritual degree of vision being opened within themselves.

All these things show us that the spiritual world is not locally remote but spiritually near, and hidden from our sight only by the veil which hangs over our spiritual eyes.

GOD IN CHRIST.

If we would have clear, correct and comfortable views of God, we must view Him in Jesus. God was manifested in the manhood of Christ. In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Christ alone fully reveals the Father. What Jesus was, God is: what Jesus spake, God dictated: what Jesus did, God wrought. I am not to look on creation to find God, though to those who can read creation aright He is there revealed: I am not to go to Mount Sinai to learn what God is, though to those who can read the divine law aright, He is there, too, revealed: but I am to go to Jesus. Here are no

terrors to make me afraid. Here is nothing to repel or keep me at a distance. But here is God, saying, "Come, weary one, I will give you rest; come, guilty one, I will pardon your sins; come, wandering one, I will receive you graciously; come, lost one, I will save you with an everlasting salvation." Sweet view of God this; how encouraging to the timid and the guilty! Precious view of Jesus this; how calculated to endear Him to the heart! If you are ever tempted to indulge harsh or hard thoughts of God, if you are ever prompted slavishly to fear Him, go direct to Jesus, and see God as He is revealed there, and you will behold that God is love.

FLORAL DEPARTMENT.

THE heat of the summer months obliges one to cease from any great amount of active work in the flower-garden. There may have been a little weeding before breakfast or after tea. Cuttings may have been taken and attended to in the proper season; and other necessary or desirable duties performed. But what the garden has been during the summer—whether it has displayed a rich succession of bloom, or been a wilderness of weeds and plants past their maturity—has depended upon how faithfully and well the spring work has been done.

But now the time for labor begins. Upon September depends the bloom of the succeeding May; and according as the labor is well or slightly done during this and the following month, will the operations of gardening be light or heavy in the spring.

The beds of autumn bloomers—Asters, Balsams, Zinnias, Marigolds, Cockscombs, Petunias, etc.—must be cleared of all weeds and flowers which are past blooming, and left to make the best display possible. The rubbish should be cleared from all the beds, and those found empty should be immediately spaded and prepared for the next year's blossoms. Many flowers can be sown to better advantage this month than in the spring. Phlox, Candytuft, Poppies, Larkspurs, Eschscholtzia, and many others, make an earlier and more profuse bloom by being sown in the fall, with the winter and early spring to grow in. Nearly all the Biennials and Perennials, such as Pinks of the different varieties, including all the Dianthus, Hollyhocks, etc., are better put in the ground now than in the spring.

The spring-blooming bulbs, including Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Crocus and Snowdrop, should be set out either this month or early in the next. The summer and autumn flowering bulbs, now in bloom, including Gladioluses and Tuberose, and others, must be kept tied to stakes, and when their blooming season is over the flower stalk must be cut off.

Let Dahlias be carefully staked to keep them from breaking, and as fast as a blossom is past its prime let it be removed. This will serve the double purpose of keeping the plant always in a neat condition, and of preserving all its strength and vigor toward sending out new blossoms, instead of wasting them in the perfection of seeds.

Those who wish to preserve their own flower seeds instead of depending on dealers for them, will have to look well to them now. Seed should be gathered and carefully labeled, in order to save trouble and confusion in the spring. My way has been to provide myself with a num-

ber of old letter envelopes which have been cut at the end instead of being torn open. With these, and a pencil in the pocket, such seeds as do not need drying, or too much clearing from husks or dried petals, can be at once put up and labeled. When the seeds are in the envelopes, the cut ends are turned over two or three times, and the seed is secure enough for practical purposes. Some seeds it is necessary to dry before they can be put away.

The lawn must be kept clear of weeds, and the grass still occasionally cut. If there are bare places in it, grass-seed may now be sown with advantage in time to receive the benefit from the autumn rains.

Chrysanthemums should now receive some attention, to make sure that they are in condition to give perfect bloom next month. A good variety of Chrysanthemums well cared for, and the different varieties not placed sufficiently near each other to allow them to mix, will secure beauty and attractiveness to a garden until nearly Christmas, unless one lives much nearer the north pole than the writer of this article.

It is well to decide in September, before the early frosts come, what plants it is desirable to save over for winter flowering. These plants should be potted at once, and their bloom checked. A Petunia cut down now will send out new shoots, and be in condition to bloom beautifully during the whole of the winter.

Callas may now be divided and re-potted, giving them a rich soil.

Cuttings from greenhouse plants, such as Geraniums, Heliotropes, etc., should now be taken in order to supply early bedding plants for next spring. All tender greenhouse bulbs, such as the Oxalis, Cyclamen, etc., must be potted so that they may be removed to the house before the nights get too cool. All plants which are standing out of doors in pots or tubs had better be removed to sheltered situations to avoid injury by unexpected frost.

It is too commonly the case that, even after a garden has presented an attractive appearance during the spring and summer, when fall comes it is allowed to fall into neglect, the near approach of winter seeming to render further care superfluous. But there is no reason why it should not retain its beauty to the last. Some of our shrubbery and trees are never so beautiful as in their autumn dress, and the autumn flowers are among the most brilliant. The prompt removal of dead and dying plants, an occasional raking of fallen leaves, and a little looking after plants in their prime, will insure such pleasing results as will well repay the gardener for her trouble.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

THE WHITE ROSE.

A WHITE rose that grew far up on a trellis felt very lonely, and sighed to be down in the garden where the children were at play.

"I am of no use away up here," she said. "Nobody sees me; and when I breathe out my sweet odors, the wind bears them off among the tree-tops, and they are lost.

But even as she sighed her complaint, a soft hand reached down from the window and took her gently from the stem that bore her, and she heard a voice say: "How pure and sweet!—pure as my patient lily."

Then the hand that held her tenderly bore her to an inner chamber, where a sick child lay upon a bed.

"This beautiful white rose," said the voice that had sounded so sweetly, "came up from the garden and grew close by the window. It has breathed the purest air and drank the warmest sunshine. Its heart is full of sweetness."

And the hand held her close to the sick child, who was refreshed by her beauty and fragrance.

Then the rose quivered with delight, and breathing out her very heart upon the air, filled the chamber with a rich perfume.

"I am content," said the rose, a little while afterward, as she lay on the pillow beside the sick child, her soft white leaves touching the cheek that was almost as soft and white as themselves.

"SUITED TO A T."

"HOW did your wristbands suit you, Frank?" said Fanny Grey to her brother Frank, a young man just home for his vacation. "I stitched them every bit myself, on the machine. Did they fit?"

"They were splendid, Fan. I told the fellows they were done by an old lady of seven years. Fit? I guess they did. Fit to a T. Thank you!"

And Frank Gordon pulled his coat-sleeve up a little and showed the shining linen, fitting his wrist, much to his little sister's admiration.

"Frank," said Fanny, a few moments after, "may I ask you something?"

"Of course you may, little one; I'll answer if I can." And Frank clasped his hands over his head, tilted back his chair, and looked down into his sister's eyes that were

saying just then, "As if there was anything you didn't know, you splendid fellow!"

"What do you mean by 'fitting to a T'?" she asked.

"Whew!" whistled the young man. "What do I mean, sure enough! Well, I mean suited exactly—fitted perfectly, I suppose."

"Yes," said the little girl; "I know that; but I thought, perhaps, it came from something. I don't see the sense of it, I'm sure. 'Suited to a T.' It meant something else in the first place, I know."

"Well, I suppose it did, pet," said Frank. "I'll look it up for you, sometime."

"He'll never think of it again," said Fanny to herself; "but I do wish I knew. 'Suited to a T.' It is so funny."

The next day Frank came in with a strange sort of ruler in his hand. It had a cross-piece at one end, which gave it the shape of a capital T.

"See here, Fanny," he said, "I've been to the carpenter's shop in your behalf. I hope I'll get you 'suited to a T' this time. I failed to satisfy you yesterday, you know."

So Frank placed the cross-piece against a perpendicular line which he had drawn, and laid the arm along a horizontal line that formed the right angle.

"You see," said he, "this ruler is called a

T-square, and is often used to test the accuracy of lines and angles, as I have just tested mine. For a wonder, it fits exactly. I never *did* hit it so well before. And so you see it is fitted, or 'suited to a T.' And I suppose that 'suited to a T' came from the use of this kind of ruler."

"Oh, Frank, how much you do know! I'm so glad I asked you! I can see the sense of it now," said little Fan.

Frank looked as wise as an owl, but he didn't "let out" that he couldn't have told till he asked somebody else to explain it to him.

THE money you earn yourself is much brighter and sweeter than any you get out of dead men's coffers.

A SCANT breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day.

A HARD-WORKING young man, with his wits about him, will make money while others lose it.



SUN COMES, MOON COMES.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON.

Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Allegro molto.

VOICE. *p* Sun comes,

PIANO. *p molto leggiero.* Ped. *

moon comes, Time slips a-way. Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Sun sets, moon sets, Love, fix a day, "A Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

year hence, a year hence, We shall both be gray; A *p* Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

month hence, a month hence, Far, far a-way. *con fuoco.* *p* *colla voce.* *dim.* Ped. *

"A week hence, A week hence,"
 Ah! the long de-lay! "Wait a lit-tle, Wait a lit-tle,
 You shall fix a day." To-mor-row, love, to-mor-row, And
 that's an ago a-way. Blaze up-on her win-dow, sun, In hon-or of the
 day!
 day!

f *p* *dim.* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *
un poco rit. *f* *a tempo animato.* *cres.* *f* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *
sempre. *cres.* *ff* *con forza.* *colla voce.* *Ped.* *
f *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

THE HERITAGE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hand could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits want;
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pant
Of toiling hind with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart;
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs
A heart that in its labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Oh, rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten soft, white hands—
This is the best crop for thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Oh, poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs of some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

AT THE GATE.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

FAINT and trembling, tired and late,
I approach the bolted gate;
And with humbleness sincere,
Knock, and crave admittance here—
Worn with wanderings long and sore:
Open the door!

Asking neither alms nor food,
Only rest and quietude;
Hear, I pray, my humble plaint—
Never soul so tired and faint
Craved compassion here before:
Open the door!

Oh, how soft the couch will be!
Folded down so peacefully;
Pillows fair and dainty white,
Shaded from the tiresome light,
By dim angels hovering o'er;
Open the door!

Never on an earthly bed
Was so dainty drapery spread,
Spangled bright with buds and bees,
'Broidered with anemonies;
Hear me, angel, I implore:
Open the door!

Once I longed for Wealth and Place,
Happiness, and Love's sweet grace;
Now there lives within my breast
Only this one wish—for Rest—
Only Rest—I ask no more:
Open the door!

MY BABY.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

COME to my arms, my baby!
My bonnie, beautiful girl!
My little white lamb with the restless feet,
My blossom of blossoms, dainty and sweet,
My lily, my rose, my pearl!

Come to my arms, my baby!
The dews are over the grass,
That nod to the buttercups, gold as your hair,
And the hands of the shadows, purple and bare,
Are parted to let you pass.

Whither away, my baby!
Kissing your wee white hand,
And tossing it back like a flake of snow,
Toward the roses, clustering low,
By the terrace where I stand?

Whither away my baby!
 After the humble-bee,
 When the little brown bird that taught you to sing
 Is asleep with her bright head under her wing,
 High in the sycamore-tree?

Oh, your white feet over the grasses,
 My darling, are fleet as the fawn's,
 And your face is fairer than days in June,
 And your song is sweeter than any tune
 Of robins in roseate dawns.

Come to my arms, my baby!
 My bonnie, beautiful girl!
 For my lips are heavy with kisses sweet
 For your dimpled face and your dimpled feet,
 My lily, my rose, my pearl!

Ab, I have you! I have you, darling!
 Sweet shall your slumber be,
 The long, bright night, while the starbeams hold
 Their hands with mine in your locks of gold,
 And shadows are over the sea.

THE RUINED HOUSE.

"For we know that if our earthly *house* of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a *house* not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

I KNOW a beauteous dwelling
 Of workmanship most rare,
 Adorned with all the graces
 That loveliness can wear.

'Twas a templed shrine of innocence
 Illumined from above,
 A palace rendered brilliant
 By Childhood's trusting love.

The windows were of crystal,
 Than diamonds more bright;
 Yet often softly shaded
 With a pensive, holy light—

Where images of mystery
 Entranced the gazer's view,
 Bright forms of love and beauty
 That Thought, the artist, drew.

Between the opening portals
 Bright pearls was just discerned,
 Where thin and snowy curtains
 Their rosy linings turned;

And forth came sounds of friendship,
 And laughter's merry din,
 And strains of choral music,
 From singing-birds within.

Oh, how you loved that dwelling
 As something most divine;
 The soul that dwelt within it
 Was closely linked with mine.

You gazed upon the windows
 And learned their mystic lore;
 You lingered round the portal;
 You kissed the pearly door.

But now, alas! it's ruined,
 The grass has o'er it grown;
 And she who dwelt within it
 On angel wings has flown.

She veiled the pictured windows,
 She shut the pearly door;
 She crossed the rapid river,
 And reached the shining shore.

Free from the earthly fetters,
 From earthly cares at rest,
 Another seraph's singing
 'Mid the regions of the blest—

Singing the song of triumph,
 Whose echo speaks to thee:
 "I've found a brighter dwelling-place,
 Father; come and see!"

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
 Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
 Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
 Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
 I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
 A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
 I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
 Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
 God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
 Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
 From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
 God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
 God thought about you, and so I am here.

WORDS AND TONES.

IT is not so much what you say,
 As the manner in which you say it;
 It is not so much the language you use,
 As the tones in which you convey it.

The words may be mild and fair,
 And the tones may pierce like a dart;
 The words may be soft as the summer air,
 And the tones may break the heart.

A PAGE OF VARIETIES.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

PULL up the moment you find you are out of the road, and take the nearest way back at once.

EVERY time the sheep bleats it loses a mouthful, and every time we complain we miss a blessing.

NEVER promise a child and then fail to perform, whether you promise him a bun or a beating.

HE who does a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that binds their hearts together.

IT is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross is in our composition.

"BLESSED are they that hear the Word of God and keep it." It is all in the keeping, so far as we are concerned.

IT is of no advantage to have a lively mind if we are not just. The perfection of the pendulum is not to go fast, but to be regular.

NEVER chase a lie. Let it alone, and it will run itself to death. I can work out a good character much faster than any one can lie me out of it.

MANY lose the opportunity of saying a kind thing by waiting to weigh the matter too long. Our best impulses are too delicate to endure much handling.

DIogenes, being asked which beast's bite was the most dangerous, replied: "If you mean wild beasts, it's the slanderer's; if tame ones, the flatterer's."

DEBT is so degrading, that if I owed a man a penny I would walk twenty miles, in the depth of winter, to pay him, sooner than feel I was under an obligation.

THE truly beneficent man is the happiest man. He derives a purer and deeper joy from the luxury of giving to make others happy, than he does in receiving from others.

HONESTY is the best policy. If the lion's skin does not do, never try the fox's. Let your face and hands, like the church clock, always tell how your inner works are going.

LAY a substantial foundation for the character in noble, manly, generous principles, and your boy will not fail to succeed in life. Guide and counsel him wisely, but do not attempt to force him into a calling for which his tastes and talents totally unfit him.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS.

STRIPS of zinc, tin and magnesium foil will burn very prettily if lighted, the ash falling in fantastic coronations.

CURIOUS FACT.—Smooth, clean surfaces will always adhere. Take a bullet and cut it fairly in two; the surfaces, if pressed together again, will be difficult to separate.

MAGNETIC EXPERIMENT.—Take a small magnet and cover it with a sheet of thin paper; strew upon this some fine iron filings; they will immediately be arranged in curves, showing the lines of magnetic force.

CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT.—Take a pennyworth of sulphate of copper and dissolve it in a little water; if the clean blade of a steel knife be immersed in the solution for a few minutes, it will be coated with copper when removed.

THE ELASTIC EGG.—Take a good sound egg and soak it in strong vinegar for twelve hours; it will then become soft and elastic; now introduce it into a bottle and fill up with lime water. The egg will become quite hard, and create some astonishment as to how it got in.

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PHILOSOPHER'S WOOL.—When oxide of zinc is heated, say on an iron spoon in a gas flame, it becomes canary yellow, the color fading as it cools; if the heating is continued, it sublimes in woolly flakes, which in olden times received the name of "Philosopher's Wool."

TO OBTAIN A SOLID BY MIXING TWO LIQUIDS.—Dissolve as much chloride of calcium as the water will take up in a small glass; and in another perform the same operation with carbonate of potash. These two clear liquids, mixed together in a larger glass, will produce a solid.

"INVISIBLE" WRITING.—A solution of cobalt nitrate may be used to write with upon unglazed paper, and the characters will be invisible. Hold it before a fire, and the characters will become distinct. A solution of sulphate of copper will also be invisible, if weak enough, and may be plainly seen if washed with a little ammonia.

CHLOROPHYLL.—If some grass or leaves of any description be taken and boiled with some spirits of wine in a test tube over a spirit-lamp or gas-burner, the color will be extracted and be imparted to the spirit. If this solution be held up to the light, it appears green; if looked at against the light, it appears red. This coloring matter is called leaf-green or chlorophyll.

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

WHICH is of greater value, pray thee, say

The bride or bridegroom? Must the truth be told?

Alas, it must! The bride is given away,

The bridegroom often regularly sold.

A YANKEE editor remarks that he has lately seen a couple of sisters who had to be told everything together, for they were so much alike that they could not be told apart.

A CHESTER county farmer sent an order to Boston lately for a clock. He said he should prefer one made by Tempus Fugit, as all the best clocks in his neighborhood had that name on the face.

"HAVEN'T you mistaken the pew, sir?" blandly asked a Sunday Chesterfield to a stranger as he entered it. "I beg your pardon," replied the individual, rising to go out, "I fear I have; I thought it was a Christian's."

A MAN out West has moved so often that it is said whenever a covered wagon comes near his house, his chickens all march up, and fall on their backs, and cross their legs, ready to be tied up and carried to the next stopping-place.

A GENTLEMAN inquired of a carpenter's boy: "My lad, when will this job you have on hand be done?" "I can't tell, sir," replied the honest boy, artlessly. "It's a day job, and it will depend upon how soon the governor has another order."

AN Irish gentleman, building a house, ordered a pit to be dug to contain the heaps of rubbish left by the workmen. His steward asked what they should do with the earth dug out of the pit. "Make it large enough to hold both the rubbish and the earth, to be sure," said he.

TWO Hibernians were passing a stable which had a rooster on it for a weather-vane, when one addressed the other thus: "Pat, what's the reason they didn't put a hin up there instead of a rooster?" "An' sure," replied Pat, "that's asy enough; don't ye see it would be unconventient to go for the eggs?"

"You shouldn't be glutinous, Isaac," said Mrs. Partridge, as, with an anxious expression, she marked the strong, convulsive effort that young gentleman was making to bolt the last quarter of a mince pie. "You shouldn't be so glutinous, dear. You must be very careful or you will get something in your elementary canal or sarcophagus, one of these days, that will kill you, Isaac."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The New Theology; or, Advanced Truths on Spiritual Subjects. Edited by Henry B. Browning, Rector of St. George with St. Paul, Stamford, England, Author of "Words in Season." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. As in science and philosophy, so in religion, men are questioning the old formulas and dogmas. The best and purest minds of the age are subjecting mediæval theology to the severest tests, and breaking away from that blind submission to mere man-made authority in spiritual things, which wrought, in the centuries past, such disasters in the church. From these advanced Christian thinkers, Mr. Browning, who is a clergyman of the Church of England, has gathered, in a compact volume of nearly two hundred pages, some of their best and clearest utterances on spiritual things. The "New Theology" of this volume is as old as the New Testament, and in harmony with its teachings. As a contribution to religious literature, it is timely and valuable.

Bachelor's Illustrated Tourist's Guide of the United States. By John B. Bachelor. Boston: John B. Bachelor, Publisher. More than half this volume is devoted to a description of Gettysburg, and to historical incidents which have given interest to various localities surrounding the town. The balance of the book describes the

various localities frequented by tourists, and gives much useful information in regard to means of travelling, hotels, etc. The illustrations are numerous and exceedingly beautiful.

Fairmount Park. Sketches of its Scenery, Waters and History. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Philadelphia has reason to be proud of her Park, and we are pleased to see that a Philadelphia publishing firm has seen fit to describe its beauties in a book. The Park has rare natural advantages of scenery, while many of its localities are rich in historic interest. This volume contains a map of the Park, and numerous beautiful engravings of views on the Schuylkill and Wissahickon, and of objects and places of interest. As it is in this Park that the approaching Centennial Exhibition is to be held, no doubt the people throughout the country who purpose visiting that exhibition will find this book attractive reading.

Must It Be? A Romance. Translated from the German of Carl Detlef. By M. S. Translator of "By His Own Might," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. A pleasant story, which takes the reader into the midst of Russian life, and shows him the characters, manners and customs of the Russian people. The volume is handsomely illustrated.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

A NEW TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

WE take from a Vevay, Indiana, paper, the following account of a new temperance movement recently inaugurated in that town, which has so far been remarkably successful:

"The most formidable organization upon a temperance basis in this part of the country, is the 'Workingmen's Friendly Society,' headquarters at Vevay, with branches in other parts of the county. Its meetings are held weekly, open to the public, and its pledge simply requires its members to abstain from the use of liquors for one year, the penalty for violation being the publication of the names in the papers. The Vevay branch has a membership of over two hundred and fifty, all being men over twenty-one years of age. It was organized by drinking men, and hence it derives the name of 'Red Noses,' the title by which the society is generally known and recognized by the public. Repeated efforts have been made to allow females to unite with the society, but owing to the fact that many of the old drinkers have heretofore been ashamed to meet the women face to face, it has been deemed advisable not to enlarge the test of membership at present.

"Nearly every Sunday they hold a public meeting in the Court House, where they have vocal and instrumental music, and an address from public or amateur speakers. They have purchased an organ for their use on these occasions. Heretofore, the music has been by volunteers; but this method having failed to secure music on one or two occasions, the society have adopted the novel plan of inviting the Sunday-schools, and other organizations, to furnish music, alternating each week; each school, or other society, coming with their books, singers and organ players, and leading the exercises of the day. Last Sunday the M. E. School officiated, next Sunday the Presbyterian School will lead, and so on until every school and other organization has been invited to go through with the musical exercises.

"This plan succeeds admirably; there is just emulation enough to secure the best results—the public becomes more and more interested, and the whole meeting proves a grand success. Long may it wave!"

A subscriber to the HOME MAGAZINE writes us from Vevay, under date 4th of July, 1873:

"T. S. ARTHUR: As a friend of temperance, wish us 'God speed.' This day the wives, sisters and friends of two hundred and fifty men in this town thank God that they will return to their homes this evening free, sober men! Sixty mothers of sons from fifteen to twenty-one also add their voices to that 'Hymn of Thanksgiving.'"

"HOME SUBSCRIBER."

Is there a reader of our magazine whose heart does not

give a quicker and warmer throb as he takes in the full meaning of this brief letter? "God speed" the good work, we say fervently! May "Workingmen's Friendly Societies" spring up everywhere over the land. We welcome with gladness all efforts and all agencies directed against the monster evil of our day.

THE CAPTURE OF KHIVA.

WE have received from the East the news of the capture of Khiva by the Russians. Concerned, as little as we are, with the affairs of the Russian Empire, it seems at the first glance as though this were a matter of small importance to us, or to the world at large, beyond the parties immediately concerned. We even read with indifference that Russia contemplates extending her possessions to the very foot of the Himalayas, and we reflect, as we read, that if she have an eye upon India itself, it concerns England rather than us. Nevertheless, the capture of this comparatively unimportant province of Western Asia has an important effect upon civilization. As a result attendant upon it, slavery has been abolished forever throughout the province. Despatches have been sent to Teheran, notifying the Persian Government to make preparations for the reception of ten thousand Persian slaves now liberated.

This is not the first time the present administration of Russia has declared itself in favor of freedom and civilization. One of its first acts upon coming into power was the abolishment of serfdom throughout the empire.

The abolition of slavery in the Khanate of Khiva is of more significance than was the abolition of slavery in the United States, although the number of slaves in the latter country far exceeded those in the former. In America slavery, bad as it was, was attended by certain mitigations. The slaves were often comfortable and happy, and frequently a degree of confidence and affection was felt between the masters and their servants. In Khiva slavery existed in its worst and most brutal forms. The slaves were frequently prisoners of war. Of these prisoners, the younger were preserved in a state of wretched servitude; the elder were put to death after being subjected to the most cruel tortures.

Vambéry, who travelled disguised as an Oriental all through Central Asia, gives most heartrending accounts of

the treatment of the slaves at the hands of their masters. He mentions, in one instance, a Persian slave who implored him for a drop of water, "as, according to his tale, they had for two entire days given him dried salt fish instead of bread; and, although he had been forced to work the whole day in the melon-fields, they had denied him even a drop of water. Luckily," says Vambéry, "I was alone in the tent; the sight of the bearded man bathed in tears made me forget all risks—I handed him my water-skin, and he satisfied his thirst while I kept watch at the door." It is considered the duty and privilege of every one to maltreat a slave.

The Persians were not the only sufferers from this terrible system of slavery. All strangers in the province upon whom they could lay their hands were liable to be seized and held for ransom; or, failing this, to be sent to Khiva, the capital, for public sale. Once sold in this manner, they were, in all probability, taken beyond reach of their friends, and generally soon succumbed under the terrible hardships of their lot.

Vambéry tells of two Russian sailors who were thus captured and condemned to slavery, they failing to obtain the high ransom demanded of the Russian Government. One had already died, and the other was likely soon to be freed in the same manner from his troubles. The Russian Government pleaded in extenuation of their conduct in the matter that they did not wish to accustom the Turkomans to such exorbitant ransoms; for that, with any encouragement, these bold robbers would devote themselves night and day to their profitable depredations.

We cannot wonder that Russia has desired to conquer this country; and, though war and bloodshed are always terrible things to contemplate, we cannot but rejoice that she has been successful in her undertaking, and that such good results have already sprung from this success.

SUNDAY LIQUOR-SELLING IN THE PARK.

THERE is a law of Pennsylvania which prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday, and makes the penalty of violation both fine and imprisonment. Our Park Commissioners cannot possibly be ignorant of the existence of this law; and yet, under their permission and sanction, liquor is dealt out openly to crowds of people at Belmont every Sunday! It is bad enough for them to sell to an individual the right to make a drinking centre of Belmont, one of the loveliest spots in our beautiful Park; but worse beyond measure to become a party with him in the Sunday desecration of the place, in violation of one of the plainest laws on our statute book.

The people should look to this matter. It concerns every good and true man in our community. If the Park Commissioners have no more regard for good citizenship than to become parties to so shameful a violation of law, they should be held up to public odium, and so be driven to some decent regard for the honor and well-being of the community.

It is amazing that men of such character, standing and influence as our Park Commissioners should have ranged themselves on the side of an enemy to the public weal, whose frightful desecrations are cursing the land in length and breadth thereof. It would have been so easy for them to have taken the other side. They stand before the people without excuse.

ITALIAN SLAVES.

EVERY one in our larger cities must have noticed the great increase within a year or two of Italian street musicians, mostly boys, and many of them very young. These children are virtually slaves, their service having been bought from their parents in Italy. Agents go out from this country, and by false representation induce the miserably poor peasants to sell the services of their young children, who are brought over to the United States, where they are sent into the streets with harps, violins, etc., to get money honestly or dishonestly. Recent facts have come to light showing a system of cruelty and oppression, as practised toward these children, frightful to think of. They are half-starved, and beaten if they do not make the required return of money every day. In New Haven, recently, an Italian named Glione, who held four of these boys in servitude, was arrested and committed to prison, in default of four

thousand dollars bail, and will be tried, and we hope severely punished.

The boys testified that they had been in this country for twenty-one months, and had been kept in the Crosby Street den in New York, until they were brought to New Haven; that they were beaten and kicked, unless they brought in a prescribed sum of money every night, and were told by Glione to steal if they could not earn the money.

We trust that the authorities of all our larger towns and cities will take this matter promptly in hand, and at once stop the cruel slave trade now carried on between our country and Italy. The headquarters of this infamous traffic is in New York.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MYRA.—Infection may come in false hair; and we think it not at all improbable that in occasional instances serious diseases have been contracted from hair which had been cut from the head of a person who died of a malignant disease. A great deal of the false hair worn in such mountain-heaps by American women, comes from Germany, and a large part of it is cut from the heads of peasant women after death. No matter from what cause a peasant woman dies—whether from small-pox, cholera, or malignant fever—her hair is, in most cases, cut off before burial, and sold. How far any one is safe in attaching such hair to the head, and wearing it for hours at a time in close contact with the skin and its innumerable absorbents, is a question to be seriously considered. And no one who buys false hair can possibly know from whence it came.

D.S.—Pinks and powders for the complexion are in nearly all cases hurtful to the skin, and often injurious to the health. In regard to "pearl powder," an authority says: "Of all cosmetics, pearl powder, though seemingly the most simple and harmless, is one of the most hurtful; and this, independently of its component parts, is owing to the large quantity used, and the extent of surface usually covered with it. The ingredients of pearl powder are the white oxide of bismuth reduced to an impalpable powder, French chalk, and a small proportion of carmine to take off the dead white of the powder and give a kind of bloom to the complexion."

L.—"The game not worth the candle," originated, we believe, in the West. In hunting for deer at night, a candle would be lighted and set at the edge of a wood, or any other place selected, and the hunter would stand a little out of the illuminated circle. If there was a deer in the neighborhood, he would soon be attracted by the light, and on coming near the hunter would discover him by the reflection of the light from his eyes, at which he would direct his aim. Sometimes straying cattle were killed in this way, and sometimes wild animals of no use to the hunter. The game was said to be "Not worth the candle," in cases where it proved valueless.

MRS. MARY D. GIBBONS, of Quincy, Mass., a lady seventy years old, has used a Grover & Baker Machine for the last twelve years. Her daughter, who uses a Wilcox & Gibbs Machine, after every week's wash brings her work to be repaired on the Grover & Baker.

ADVERTISERS' DEPARTMENT.

WANAMAKER & BROWN, the popular clothiers at Sixth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, have at present an unusually large stock of summer garments for gents' and boys' wear. To speedily clear counters, they have reduced the prices on all their goods, and offer inducements to purchasers not to be met with elsewhere.

DREKA'S NEW "DICTIONARY BLOTTER."

—This is an ingenious and most useful device just introduced by Mr. Louis Dreka, the well-known stationer and engraver, No. 1633 Chestnut Street. It consists of a convenient portfolio, containing a number of blotting pads and the requisite pockets for paper, etc.; and in addition to this, in compact form, on pages of fine paper just the size of the pads, a complete dictionary of all the words in common use, so that a letter-writer need never misspell a word from the want of a ready help. And as in correspondence the prime essential—that, in fact, which renders it respectable or the reverse—is *correct spelling*, the sale of these blotting-case dictionaries ought only to be limited by the necessity for their use on the part of the letter-writing world. The article is vastly more complete than the reader is likely to infer from this notice, and well deserves personal inspection.

"THE LADIES' FAVORITE."—The greatest of modern inventions for the purpose of lessening women's labor, is the Sewing Machine, and too much praise cannot be awarded to the truly great men who were the inventors and promoters. Prominent among these stands the name of Allen B. Wilson, the inventor of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, which is acknowledged by all those who are

best able to judge of the merits of the different machines made, to be "The Ladies' Favorite." So perfect was Mr. Wilson's original conception, that, although twenty years have elapsed since its first general introduction, and all the talent of the world has been brought to bear in the improvement of these machines, but slight modifications have been made in its construction, and it stands to-day foremost in the ranks of popularity. This fact is attested to by the fact that there are more of these machines in actual use to-day than of any other make. The construction is at once simple, and yet beautiful, and although in its work using threads almost as delicate as cobwebs, its durability is greater than any other. Much more can be said in its praise, but our space will not allow it. The thousands of ladies using them will bear us out as true witnesses.

WINTER AND EARLY SPRING FLOWERS.
—What more lovely than a stand of hyacinths, narcissus, early tulips and other flowers in full bloom in January, when all without is snow and ice? At a trifling outlay, you can all enjoy this luxury. Mr. Dreer has just issued his new catalogue of bulbs for planting in the autumn—for house culture as well as planting out of doors. Doubtless many of our readers remember the gorgeous display of hyacinths, tulips, etc., at Fairmount Park last spring. These were all obtained from his establishment. Send at once for a catalogue. His address is 714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. See advertisement.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS.

For the engravings illustrative of the fashions, as given in our present number, we are under obligations to the house of E. Butterick & Co., 555 Broadway, New York, whose various publications, including the *Metropolitan Magazine*, are confessedly the leaders of the mode.

From the well and clearly-written explanations which accompany all patterns of that enterprising firm, the fullest comprehension may be derived as to every detail of a garment, including the cutting and fitting, economical making-up, and amount of material that goes to its fabrication.

Those who may desire patterns or illustrations, should ascertain if the firm has an agency in their neighborhood; and failing to find one, they may address the principal office, as named above, assured that every application, however modest, will receive prompt and respectful attention.

The "Butterick" system, in its essential nature, is free from the objections urged against the old-time fashion-plates. Adopting as its standard an average human creature—man, woman or child, as might be exacted—it enlarged, diminished and adapted its patterns upon a principle so sound, and with the aid of machinery so ingenious, that perfection in its kind was inevitable. Each garment was reproduced in patterns with such endless variations as to insure a fit to every form presented. With each pattern is a working description, so minute that the veriest apprentice of a country dressmaker could not fail to understand it, and bring properly together the several parts thus carefully shaped to her hands. In brief, no suggestion taught by experience and realizable by ingenuity and skill, was omitted in making these patterns at once practical, simple and infallible; and hence the wonderful success of the system, which is now familiar to every household in the country, and has its agencies in almost every village, town and city.

In the history of invention there has been no such rapid triumph. Scores of designers, artists, engravers and printers, with an editorial corps equalling in ability and numbers that of any periodical in the country, constitute the army of experts which Messrs. Butterick & Co. have enlisted in the dissemination of their new evangel of fashion, which may be said to have taken possession of the New World.

To the stranger, who may be interested in the progress of national industry, and curious to examine the manifold appliances and resources which can be brought to the promotion of elevated taste in dress and personal adornment, no pleasure can be greater than to visit such portions of Messrs. Butterick & Co.'s establishments as are open to inspection. From the broad front doors, to the arches through which loads of closely-packed publications and patterns are daily shipped to every portion of America, and even to Europe and Asia, every department is an interesting and instructive study, admirably repaying the investigation.

A Word to our Old and New Friends.

The season for club-getting and subscribing to periodical literature for 1874 is fast approaching, and we would take this early opportunity of saying a word to our friends throughout the country, to remind them that those earliest in the field get the largest clubs; and those who send their subscriptions in first get the earliest impressions of our beautiful premium plate. We are having engraved for 1874 a magnificent picture, surpassing anything we have thus far published. It will also be much larger than any premium we have yet given.

Say a word in time to your friends and neighbors, and get their promise to take "ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE" for next year, so that when you go round to make up your clubs you will find the work easy.

Our great American Family Magazine will have new attractions next year. We intend to make it the best and most desirable of its class. Mr. Arthur is now at work on a new serial story, which will be commenced in the coming January number.

Important to Agents in New England!

No reliable agent, no matter what engaged in, should fail to know the chance now offered for immediate and permanent employment in New England, where we have taken a "new departure" in earnest.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON.

Address D. L. MILLIKEN, at our New England Office, 21 Bromfield Street, Boston.

1. Full particulars free.

Mr. Arthur's New Books by Mail.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS, FRESH AND FADED, \$2.50.

THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP, \$2.00.

CAST ADRIFF, \$2.00.

We will send by mail any of the above new books by T. S. Arthur, on receipt of the price.

For \$4.00 we will send "Orange Blossoms" and the "Man-Trap," or "Cast Adrift." For \$3.50 the "Man-Trap" and "Cast Adrift." For \$5.50, the three volumes will be sent.

To Club-Getters.

Some of our club-getters have written to ask if "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," "BED-TIME," or "THE WREATH OF IMMORTALS," would be sent free to subscribers, in place of "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES," if desired. We answer yes. A choice of either of these pictures can be made.

DREK A'S DICTIONARY BLOTTER FOR LETTER WRITERS